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## AT THE BREAK OF DAY.

BY ARNOLD ISLER.

Leaving silent chamber  
For the sylvan lawn  
Viewing Nature's beauties  
At the break of day  
(So the poets say)  
For Nature seemeth fairest  
At the break of day  
At the break of day  
Listening to the murmur  
Of waters flowing by  
Beautiful deep river  
Clear as maiden's eye  
Merrily and cheerily  
Rippling away  
Every thing seemeth lively  
At the break of day  
Listening to the song-birds  
So full of love and cheer  
Flitting through the branches  
Oftentimes flitting near  
Deliciously carolling  
Morning hours away  
Every thing seemeth lively  
At the break of day  
Listen, birds, oh, listen  
Some sweet voice I hear  
Yes, it is my darling  
Coming, coming near  
Pretty dark-eyed Kew  
Ever blithe and gay  
Singing in the morning  
At the break of day  
Hollo! here is Rover  
Standing on a rail  
Jolly little fellow  
Wiggling his tail  
Hears somebody whistling  
Quickly runs away  
Every thing seemeth lively  
At the break of day  
Golden sun appearing  
In the distant East  
Majestically rising  
Heavens! what a feast  
Every thing seemeth lovely  
Pleasant, bright and gay  
Every thing seemeth lively  
At the break of day!

## The Wronged Heiress: OR, The Vultures of New York.

A WEIRD ROMANCE OF THE GREAT METROPOLIS.

BY RETT WINWOOD.  
AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE SPECTER," "WHO WAS SHE?" "HAPPY," OR "THE GREENHAY PROPHET," "THE DANGEROUS WOMAN," "TWO LOVES," "MILIAM BIRN," "VORST'S SECRET," ETC.

### CHAPTER IV. FRIEND AND FOE.

THESE words had scarcely passed the villain's lips when the door was pushed and opened and violently open, and a young man dashed into the apartment.

"Don't be too sure of that!" he exclaimed, drawing a pistol from the breast pocket of the hunting-jacket he had on, as he sprung to Mabel's rescue.

Bill Cuppings turned to confront the intruder. But he was taken wholly unawares by the suddenness of the unexpected onslaught. Before he could stir from his tracks, the young man had brought the butt of the pistol he carried down upon his head with stunning force.

The villain reeled, caught helplessly at the empty air, then fell like a log to the floor.

As Mabel turned, her heart full of gratitude to thank her deliverer, an exclamation of surprise escaped her lips.

"Philip Jocelyn! Is it possible?"

The young man echoed her cry. "You, Mabel, you? I can scarcely believe the evidence of my senses."

He did, indeed, look very much bewildered. "I heard your cry for help," he added, hastily. "But I had not the slightest idea to whose assistance I was hurrying."

He was a tall, handsome fellow, of some twenty-two years of age. His face was the type of a manly beauty, the features being regular and full of a noble resolution and unflinching courage. In brief, his was the sort of countenance to inspire instinctive trust.

And thus did Mabel Trevor interpret its varying expression. It was merely the recognition of one noble soul by another.

She had met Philip Jocelyn the previous summer while he was on the Jersey coast for a month's fishing and hunting.

Congeniality of tastes in most respects had brought them frequently together during those four happy weeks. When the brief, bright month was over, Philip had gone back to his city home to take up the old life of aristocratic do-nothingness, and a wall had been built up between the two which no friendly meetings and no messages of any sort had beaten down.

Now the young man held out his hand to Mabel with all the old winning frankness that had charmed her in the bright days of the past.

"I can not tell you how rejoiced I am to meet with you once more," he said, gently. Mabel's long lashes swept her cheeks as she murmured, softly, in reply:

"How does it happen that you are here, Mr. Jocelyn, in this lonely wood?"

"I came down from New York with a party of friends for a week's hunting. To-night I happened to stray away from my companions and became somewhat bewildered by the intricate windings of the forest. Some fortunate chance directed my footsteps to this spot, and I reached the house just in season to hear your scream for help, and that villain's last words."

He contemptuously touched Bill Cuppings prostrate body with his foot as he spoke.



Before he could stir, the young man brought the butt of his pistol down upon his head with stunning force.

Mabel shuddered. "You arrived just in time to save my life," she said.

"Good God! That villain did not really intend to kill you?"

"I am sure that he did," she answered.

Philip Jocelyn opened wide his eyes in utter amazement. "I did not think he was quite so desperate. What had you done that he should seek your life?"

"Nothing."

"Why are you here, so far away from home?"

"I had set out for New York, and lost my way. I intended to take the night train to Milton."

He looked at her somewhat curiously. "Why were you going to New York?" he asked.

"Granny Wells is dead. I must seek a new home somewhere. Besides, I have another motive more powerful than all the rest, for wishing to go to the city."

"Will you tell me what it is?"

She briefly related her simple story—Mrs. Laudersdale's visit to the old hovel—Granny Wells' sudden death—her own mad journey, and the encounter with Bill Cuppings.

Philip Jocelyn's face grew very pale as he listened.

"This is a strange story," he said, when Mabel ceased to speak. "I hardly know what to make of it. Had any other person related it to me, I should instantly have set him down as a madman."

Mabel clasped her hands and gave him an appealing look. "I am not mad," she cried. "I have told you the truth from first to last."

"I believe that you have," he returned, gravely. "I would as soon doubt the word of an angel in heaven. It is very fortunate that we chanced to meet. I can take you directly to Woodlawn."

"Do you know the Laudersdales?"

"Yes."

He might have added that he was regarded as Marcia Denvil's lover by many, but did not choose to do so.

"I can see how it is," cried Mabel, lifting

a penetrating glance to his face. "The Laudersdales are your friends. You are reluctant to think ill of them."

"That is true."

"And they will be sure to hate you if you befriend me."

"I care not for that," he returned, earnestly. "If Mrs. Laudersdale is the wicked woman you think her, I have no desire for her friendship."

"She sought my life—I know she did," sobbed Mabel. "Do you not recognize that man lying at your feet?"

The young man leaned over Bill's motionless figure and scanned his features.

"No," he replied, after a pause. "I do not remember ever to have seen him."

"He said he was Mrs. Laudersdale's servant."

"It is possible."

"And that she sent him here to take my life?"

Philip answered nothing. He seemed buried in deep thought for some minutes.

"You think Mrs. Laudersdale's husband knew nothing of the whole affair?" he said, at last.

"I am sure of it. He would befriend me. I think if I could once gain an interview with him, it is only that infamous woman I have to fear."

At this juncture, Bill Cuppings' breast began to heave, and the muscles of his face to twitch convulsively.

"The poor wretch is reviving," cried Mabel, to whose quick eye not a movement was lost. "Let us leave this place at once. The owner of the house may return at any moment, and then we will have double odds to contend against."

"What do you mean?"

"He is a friend and ally of that man."

"Then the sooner we are off the better."

Bill's breathing was now perfectly audible. Philip raised him to a sitting posture, leaning his head against the wall. Then he hastily quitted the house, leading Mabel by the hand.

A few rods distant the horses Mabel and her would-be murderer had ridden to this

spot were found busily browsing. They hurriedly mounted the backs of the faithful brutes, their movements somewhat accelerated by the sound of a heavy footstep entering the house, and the murmur of voices in that direction.

They had scarcely struck into the nearest discernible path when a loud shout rung on the air behind them, and two or three pistol-shots were fired in rapid succession.

The bullets whizzed harmlessly over the heads of the fugitives. "We are just in time," said Philip, in a low, deep tone of voice, as they put spurs to their horses. "Mine host of the black house in the woods has evidently arrived."

They rode as rapidly as the darkness and the intricate windings of the forest would permit. There were no further signs of pursuit, however. Soon after midnight the trees became sparser and smaller, and finally the fugitives emerged into the open country.

After a short gallop across the fields, they reached a small farm-house.

Here they sought shelter for the night, which was readily accorded by the hospitable inmates.

In the morning they discovered that there was a small station only about four miles distant, from whence they could take the cars to New York.

Though jaded and worn, they decided to resume their journey at the earliest practicable moment. Consequently, long ere the sun had reached its meridian, they were on the way to the city.

About mid-afternoon they stood outside one of the smaller gates leading into the extensive grounds which were the glory of Woodlawn.

Here Mabel detained her companion. "I have nothing more to fear," she said, ingenuously. "Let me say good-by to you here."

"And why good-by?" he asked, evincing no slight degree of surprise.

"I prefer to go on to the house alone."

He looked at her sharply. "I think I comprehend your object in leaving me here," he said, after a moment's thinking. "You

wish to spare me all unpleasant consequences that are likely to accrue from having piloted you to this spot."

Mabel blushed, and seemed not a little confused.

"I am no coward," he added, hastily. "Let us move on. I will see Mrs. Laudersdale myself."

"No, no, no. Indeed I would rather go alone. It is best that I should."

He looked puzzled, at a loss. "Something might happen to you," he urged. "If Mrs. Laudersdale is really the infamous woman you think her, your appearance at Woodlawn will drive her desperate. She will leave no means untried to accomplish your destruction."

"I do not fear her," said Mabel, bravely. "I shall ask to see Mr. Laudersdale, in the first place, and tell him my story."

"Do so."

"I am sure he will protect me, though I cannot give a very satisfactory reason for my faith, other than his wife's overweening desire to keep us apart."

Philip Jocelyn seemed strangely grave and thoughtful. A dim foreboding of evil shot through heart and brain as he stood there with that helpless girl leaning so confidently on his arm.

"May God keep you and watch over you, Mabel," he said, in a thrilling whisper.

"I am sure that He will."

"You will remain at Woodlawn—I may call to-morrow to see you?"

"Yes," she answered, "you may come."

And then they parted.

Mabel passed in at the gate, and walked slowly along a shaded path that led up to the house.

Though she knew it not, a man's figure rose from the shrubbery only a few feet from where she and Philip had been standing, and noiselessly followed her.

She had accomplished less than half the distance to the house when, on turning a sudden bend in the path, she came face to face with a woman who was advancing in the opposite direction.

That woman was Mrs. Laudersdale.

Mabel stood for a moment as if riveted to the spot. The knowledge of the imminent peril that must, perforce, threaten her in that wicked Jezebel's presence, shot with lightning-like rapidity upon her mind.

She stood as if stricken dumb, her face blanched to the ashen hue of a corpse. All power of locomotion seemed to have left her trembling limbs.

While she stood thus, helpless and speechless, a mocking laugh sounded close to her ear, and the voice of Bill Cuppings—the man she had left lying in a half-senseless condition in the lone house in the woods—cried out in a loud, jeering tone:

"Caught, caught again, my lady!"

### CHAPTER V. TWO PRECIOUS SCOUNDRELS.

BEFORE following the further fortunes of our heroine, let us go back for a few minutes, to the lone house in the woods.

Philip Jocelyn and Mabel had scarcely left the building in their precipitate flight, and Bill Cuppings was slowly rising to his feet, his senses fully restored, when a new-comer made his appearance on the scene.

This person was a man of about fifty years of age. He was of herculean build, square-shouldered, deep-chested, with long and muscular arms. His physiognomy was any thing but prepossessing, the mouth being coarse and sensual, the chin protruding, the nose being incongruously sharp and thin, and ending in a very well-defined hook.

In short, he bore a slight but decided resemblance to Bill Cuppings himself.

Not needlessly to puzzle the reader, we will here inform him that the two men were brothers. They went by different names, however, and never acknowledged the relationship, save to each other.

The new-comer had selected for himself the cognomen of Miles Duff.

We use the word "selected" advisedly. He had no legal claim to the name, but was invariably spoken of as "Miles" by his conferees, very few of whom, if any, knew his true patronymic. Indeed, he had passed under so many aliases, during his eventful career, that he scarcely knew it himself.

Need we say that Bill Cuppings was also an assumed name?

Miles, who was the master of the house of whom Bill had made mention to Mabel Trevor—had been beating the bushes for an hour or two, in search of game upon which to make his frugal supper. The instant he reached the clearing in which the house stood, he had caught the gleam of the candle-light in the kitchen window.

Angry at the thought that anybody should dare take possession of his premises in his absence, he had hurried to his house—unwittingly passing Philip and Mabel in the darkness—and had crossed the threshold with no gentle tread.

"Who, in the devil's name are you?" he growled out, catching a glimpse of a man's figure leaning against the wall.

Striding a step or two nearer, he recognized his brother.

"You, Bill!" he exclaimed, recoiling. "What brought you here at this particular time?"

The rough passed his hands once or twice across his brow, as if to clear away some mist that still brooded darkly there. A fierce, tigerish gleam came into his evil-looking eyes.

"They're gone," he muttered, between his teeth, without paying the slightest at-





tention to the new-comer's interrogations.

"They're gone, confound them."

"Who's gone?" said Miles.

"The girl and the fellow who spirited her away. But it may not be too late to follow them. Miles, turning suddenly to his brother, 'do you happen to have a pistol about you?'"

"Of course," producing a six-shooter from his pocket, as he answered.

"Give it me."

Bill snatched the revolver, and darted eagerly to the door, where he stood listening intently for a moment. The dull thud of hoofs could plainly be heard, borne to his ears on the still night air.

"They've taken the horses," he cried, and a yell of rage and fury broke from his lips.

He discharged the revolver in the direction whence the sounds proceeded, but as the reader already knows, without result.

The fugitives were already beyond his reach, since he would be compelled to pursue them on foot, if any pursuit was attempted.

Realizing the futility of any further efforts, he retraced his steps to the smoke-begrimed kitchen, where he found Miles tranquilly awaiting his coming.

"What's up?" said the latter, the instant he made his appearance.

"The very devil is to pay!"

"What do you mean?"

Bill briefly related what had happened.

"My mistress sent me to kill that girl," he said, in conclusion, "and now she has escaped me. I was idiot enough to tell her who sent me on this tom-fool's errand, too."

Miles gave a low whistle. "You're in for it, sure enough," he said.

"I should think as much. Of course the girl will tell the whole story to the man who rescued her."

"Of course."

"Curse him! He gave me an ugly blow—knocked the senses clean out of me."

"Who was he?"

"Don't know his name. A young snob, who visits occasionally at Woodlawn."

"Do you think he knew you?"

"Can't say," growled Bill. "It isn't likely. I've only seen him at a distance, before this."

"You saw him close enough to-night, in all conscience," laughed Miles.

"Yes, curse him!"

"What will you do?"

"Don't know." Bill dropped his head dejectedly into the palms of his hands, leaning an elbow on either knee. "I say, Miles," he cried out, after a moment's thinking, "can't you help a fellow?"

"Maybe. What can I do?"

"Go back to New York with me."

"Yes."

"And be ready for any emergency that may arise."

"I'll think about it."

Bill looked at him curiously. "Why are you staying here?" he asked.

"The fact is," returned Miles, coolly, "the city became too hot to hold me, some weeks since. This lonely spot has long been my retreat at such times, you know."

"Yes, I am well aware of that fact."

The villain had, indeed, spoken truly. This house in the woods was a retreat to which he had for years been in the habit of hastening—for the benefit of his health, as he generally expressed it—whenever the beaks became more than usually solicitous to cultivate his acquaintance.

"But I think I may now venture to return to the city. Of course I will go if I can be of the slightest use to my loving brother."

"Bah! Mrs. Laudersdale will pay you well, if that is what you mean."

"Pay me well for what?"

"Any service you may be so fortunate as to render."

"Of course," tipping Bill a sly wink.

"This Mrs. Laudersdale has long been the goose who lays your golden eggs, I understand. I can't do better than to cultivate her acquaintance."

"I am sure of that," dryly.

"It's a wonder I never chanced to meet her, since you have been in her good graces so long."

"I don't know. You never come to Woodlawn."

"Humph!" sneered Miles, "you never wished me to come—until you had use for me!"

Bill folded his arms complacently, and looked at his brother.

"I had a character to sustain," he said.

"You are too well known in New York, and it would have ruined me if our relationship was suspected."

"We are just as nearly related to-night as we were last week, or last year."

"Humph! Circumstances alter cases. This is an emergency, and I must not be too particular. It is necessary that I reach Woodlawn in advance of this girl, and with the help of Mrs. Laudersdale, concoct some scheme for disposing of her before she has time to work mischief."

"And you think I can assist you?"

"Yes. There is not time to look elsewhere for the help we are likely to need."

A brutal sneer curled Miles' lips.

"Very good," he muttered. "But before I consent to any such arrangement as this you propose, I'd like to know something more of Mrs. Laudersdale herself."

"What do you wish to know?"

"Who and what is she?"

"Shall I begin as far back in her history as I know any thing of it myself?"

"Yes."

"Then you must be content with one or two details. Her private history is a secret from the world, and she wishes it to remain such."

"I thought so."

"It was seventeen years ago that I first fell in with her. She was a blooming widow at the time—or so represented herself—shrewd, clear-headed, and unprincipled. She had been on the stage, playing a minor part in the lower grade of theaters."

"Go on."

"At Saratoga, where she went to spend some of her superfluous cash one summer, she met Mr. Laudersdale, who was at the time an apparently inconsolable widower. Well, this wily woman played her cards to perfection and soon won him from the contemplation of his grief."

"Don't come the sentimental, Bill."

"How can I help it? To cut short my story, this far-sighted widow married Mr. Laudersdale and thus gained a luxurious home for herself and her daughter, Marcia."

"Marcia?"

Miles had been idly reclining in one of the rush-bottomed chairs with which the kitchen was furnished. But at the mention

of that name, he sprung suddenly to his feet.

"Had Mrs. Laudersdale a daughter before she married her present husband?" he asked, in a low, breathless tone of voice.

"Yes, as I have said, a daughter, Marcia."

"And what was the mother's name?"

"In the days of her widowhood—Martha Denvil."

An irrepressible cry escaped the lips of Miles. His face became terribly convulsed with passion. Surprise, hate, rage, bewilderment, all seemed to be struggling for the mastery in his countenance. His fingers twitched, his lips trembled.

Bill looked at him sharply. "What's the matter?" he asked. "What ails you, man?"

"Nothing."

Miles dropped into his chair again, and sat with his face hidden for many minutes.

"Strange, strange," his companion heard him mutter, huskily, after a long and sullen silence. "Strange that I should hear of her after all these years, and in this way."

At last he raised his head. He had succeeded in banishing from his countenance every trace of the emotion that had so recently convulsed it, save a slight pallor that lingered about the lips.

"This Marcia Denvil of whom you spoke just now," he began, quotha composure, "does she, too, live at Woodlawn with her mother?"

"She does."

"And is treated like an own daughter by Mr. Laudersdale?"

"Yes."

The eyes of the two men met. Miles' expressed nothing save a sullen, dogged sort of resolution. Those of Bill Cupplings twinkled with cunning and ill-concealed curiosity.

"You are not doing the fair thing by me, Miles," he said, suddenly.

"What do you mean?"

"You are keeping a secret from your own brother."

"Perhaps."

"I don't like it," muttered Bill. "I was frank and free enough with you."

Miles spread out the five fingers of his right hand, and for the next few minutes had all the appearance of being engaged in a profound study of their different proportions.

"I don't wish to be bothered," he said, rousing himself at last. "I have a secret—no mind that I do not own up to any thing of the sort—you shall know it in good time. I can promise nothing further."

"I dislike being trusted by halves," grumbled Bill, feeling any thing but satisfied.

Miles rose up from his chair to end the conversation.

"My mind is made up," he said, gruffly. "I'm going to the city to join in your plans, heart and soul. But we must have a bite of supper before we set out."

"Is there any train to-night?"

"Yes, the three o'clock express. We can reach the station in time."

"Mabel Trevor will also take the cars for the city, unless I am very much mistaken. Is there no chance of intercepting her on the way?"

"Not the slightest, since we can not tell what route she will take. The most we can do is to look for her at the station."

This the two worthy confederates did, when they reached Milton in the cold and darkness of the morning. But no glimpse of the hapless girl rewarded this careful quest.

As the reader is already aware, she and Philip Jocelyn did not set out for the city until some hours later.

On arriving in New York, Bill proceeded at once to Woodlawn, that he might acquaint Mrs. Laudersdale with the imminent danger that menaced her.

Miles lingered in the neighborhood to learn precisely when his services were likely to be needed. Early in the afternoon, Bill sought him out in the retreat he had selected—a low dram-shop.

"The girl has not been heard from as yet," he said. "But my mistress is of opinion that she will make her appearance before the day is ended. You and I are to keep a close watch on the various entrances to the grounds, prepared to act as the emergencies of the case may seem to warrant."

Miles nodded a ready acquiescence.

"I shall soon come face to face with my Lady Laudersdale," he muttered, on the way to Woodlawn. "I'd run any risk for the privilege of confronting her once more."

And a strange smile curled his lips.

## CHAPTER VI.

### A CAPTURED DOVE.

We have now followed the course of events up to the moment when Mabel Trevor so unexpectedly encountered Mrs. Laudersdale, her most deadly and dangerous enemy, in the grounds at Woodlawn, while attempting to approach the house.

As we related in a former chapter, while she stood as if frightened out of her wits by the sudden meeting, the well-known voice of Bill Cupplings had exclaimed, close to her ear:

"Caught, caught again, my lady!"

Even as he spoke, the villain's brawny hand descended on her shoulder, where it fastened itself in a vise-like grip.

Mabel's brain reeled, and she grew giddy with terror. She tried to speak, to call out, but only a faint cry escaped her trembling lips.

"None of your screeching," growled the brute, who held her fast. "It will do you no sort of good."

"Stop her mouth, Bill," said Mrs. Laudersdale, angrily. "Somebody might hear her if she were to scream for help."

"All right," and he dropped his disengaged hand over the mouth of the helpless girl.

"Thought to get ahead of us, did you?" he jeered, putting his face close to her white and quivering one. "Bah! You are in our power again. And no handsome young fellow is likely to come to your rescue this time."

True, true! Oh, why had she not suffered Philip to go with her to the house, as he wished?

But it was now too late for regrets.

A film came before Mabel's eyes as she realized this fact. The cold, cruel face of the man and woman bending over her seemed to recede of a sudden, and grow dim and ill-defined. They soon vanished altogether, and her hands fell listlessly to her side.

She had fainted.

"Good," chuckled Bill. "That's what I call clever of her. She has saved me a world of trouble."

"Yes, yes."

"Now, what's to be done with her?"

Before Mrs. Laudersdale could frame any reply to this question, a step sounded in the gravel-walk, and a man stood beside them as suddenly as if he had risen from the ground.

Mrs. Laudersdale gave him a frightened glance, then looked again. Her eyes riveted themselves on his face, and slowly dilated as if they were staring at some ghastly and awful horror. Her own face blanched to the ashen hue of a corpse, and the perspiration broke out in beads upon her brow.

Slowly her trembling lips unsealed.

"Oh, just Heaven!" she moaned.

Then, by a superhuman effort of the will, she conquered the deadly faintness that was fast stealing away her senses, and stretching out both her quivering hands to the new-comer, she gasped:

"For God's sake, who are you?"

"Miles Duff, at your service," was the ready reply.

It was, indeed, the clever scoundrel whom we have introduced to the reader under that alias.

Mrs. Laudersdale advanced nearer and nearer to the man, as if enticed onward by some fatal fascination she was wholly powerless to resist.

"It's a lie!" she shrieked. "You are not Miles Duff! You are—"

The villain put up his hand warningly, at the same time glancing apprehensively toward Bill.

"It is at your own peril that you speak that name," he muttered. "You'd better be cautious."

Mrs. Laudersdale seemed surprised at his words and manner. She had evidently looked for something different on his part. Dropping into a garden seat that stood near, she slowly wiped the cold damps of fear from her brow.

"Take care," Miles hissed, again, close to her ear.

She looked at him, trembling from head to foot.

"I thought you were dead," she muttered.

"You mean that you hoped I was?"

"You can not blame me if I did."

"No," he sneered. "You've played a very clever game, Martha."

"Not a word of that, now."

At this moment, it was she who looked apprehensive. Strengthening every nerve to meet the critical situation in which she found herself, she had succeeded in regaining her composure.

"Betray nothing," she whispered, "until we have had a long talk together. I think we'll come to an understanding."

"Perhaps," said Miles, significantly.

Bill had been covertly watching the two for some minutes. "You and Mrs. Laudersdale are old friends," he muttered, suddenly, turning to his brother. "Why didn't you tell me all about it last night?"

"There wasn't much to tell," answered Miles.

"I know better."

"We are losing time," Mrs. Laudersdale now broke in, pointing to the inanimate form of poor Mabel, which was still reclining in Bill's arms. "This path is much frequented, and we are liable to be interrupted at any moment. Something must be done with that girl before she recovers her senses."

"Of course," said Miles.

Mrs. Laudersdale looked at him sharply.

"How does it happen that you are here at this opportune moment?" she asked.

It was Bill Cupplings who answered.

"Don't you remember? I told you that I had engaged somebody to help me in looking after the girl."

"And he is the man? Ah, yes. I understand it all now."

She drew a deep breath of relief.

"What will we do with the girl? Quick; let us come to some decision."

"She can't well be taken from the grounds until after nightfall," said Miles.

"True."

Mrs. Laudersdale sat silent and thoughtful for a minute or two. Then she started suddenly to her feet.

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "You can take her to the boat-house, for the present. It is quite secluded. Nobody will be going near the place to-day."

"Is it secure?"

"Perfectly so. You have the key, Bill?"

"Yes."

"Then the sooner you are off the better."

The two men nodded assent to this remark. Mabel was raised between them, and they took a short cut across the grounds, walking as rapidly as possible, Bill leading the way.

Mrs. Laudersdale remained on the spot where the meeting had taken place.

The two villains, with their precious burden, penetrated the shrubbery, passed through a small grove and a second fringe of bushes, finally emerging at a small stone building on the bank of the river.

This building was hidden by the thick shrubbery growing close to the wall on every side save that fronting on the water.

Even that was overrun with wild vines.

The only windows of which the place could boast were two or three gratings placed high up in the stone masonry.

"Tolerably secure, isn't it?" said Bill, smiling grimly, as he produced a key from one of his pockets.

"Humph! A regular little Bastille."

"So much the better," Bill thrust the key into the lock, then turned to look at his brother.

"Miles," he said, "what sort of an understanding is there between yourself and that woman?"

"To what woman do you refer?"

"You know perfectly well—Mrs. Laudersdale."

"Patience, patience. I promised to tell you in due time. You ought to be content with that promise."

"How do I know you ever intend to fulfill it?"

"You have my word."

"Pah!" Bill looked as if he thought Miles' word was not always to be trusted. He said nothing more, however, but proceeded to unlock the door of the boat-house.

The instant he had done this, Miles swung on his heel. "You can have no further use for me now," he muttered. "I'm off."

Bill, with a lowering brow, looked after his burly form until it was lost to sight among the bushes.

"The rogue thinks to gain time for a word with my Lady Laudersdale," he said, between his teeth. "Never mind. It will go hard if I don't circumvent those cunning devils yet, and surprise their secret."

He pushed open the nail-studded door

of the boat-house, and carefully laid the girl's senseless figure on a pile of boughs in one corner of the interior.

Then he watched by her side until she began to exhibit signs of returning consciousness.

"She's a regular beauty," he muttered, watching the color as it slowly returned to her lips and cheeks. "It's a pity to kill her, after all. It's a pity, and shall not be done at mistress's nod, or that of anybody else."

Having come to this conclusion, he rose hastily and passed out of the boat-house, taking care to lock the door securely behind him.

Then he wended his way swiftly back to the upper portion of the garden.

As he had expected, he found Miles there before him, in earnest converse with Mrs. Laudersdale, on the very spot where he had left the latter. He sought to approach them as noiselessly as possible, but only succeeded in overhearing a single sentence.

This was uttered by Mrs. Laudersdale herself, and only served to increase his curiosity a hundred-fold.

Her remark was this:

"I will make it for your interest to keep the secret."

The two separated hastily on seeing Bill. The artful woman turned to him with one of her most bewitching smiles when he joined them. "Every thing works well, so far," she said. "To-night the deed must be done. And you must take care that your victim does not escape you this time."

"Of course."

Bill did not think it best to say any thing of the sudden decision to which he had come. He understood too well the sort of woman with whom he had to deal.

I think we understand each other perfectly well," she resumed, turning to go. "When this affair is over, you may come to me for reward."

Having given expression to her wishes in this manner, she walked hurriedly toward the house.

Left alone together, the two men preserved a thoughtful silence for some minutes. Each seemed to be weighing some matter of importance in his mind. Bill was the first to speak.

"Miles," he said, looking sharply at his brother. "I've changed my mind somewhat. That girl's life must be saved at all hazards."

Miles smiled and nodded.

"The very remark I was about to make to you."

The younger villain seemed just a little disconcerted. "Why should you take an interest in Mabel Trevor's welfare?" he asked.

"Bah! Don't I know what a cunning devil that woman is who has just left us? She must have some very powerful motive for wishing to take Mabel's life."

"Yes."

"Humph! Don't you take? The girl may be worth her weight in gold to us one of these days."

"That is true."

Bill smiled as he made this reply. Mrs. Laudersdale had confided pretty fully in him since his return from that fruitless expedition to Berlin. He could have given much more of Mabel's private history, and his mistress's reasons for hating and fearing the girl than Miles imagined.

"I'd better keep a close tongue in my head," he thought. "My worthy brother has no particular claim to my confidence so far as the girl is concerned. He will be more likely to help me if I



voice deadened by the thick walls, until it was a mere inarticulate moan when it reached him.

He was going on; what could she do? what should she do, with salvation so near and yet so far?

Frantically she thrust out her hand and waved it; and then, when Arch sprang from the sleigh, she grew giddy from the excitement, reeled, and fell.

Ever alive to the idea that she whom he sought was somewhere near him, Archer, when he caught a momentary glimpse of a hand thrust from the hole, felt a wild thrill of hope that it, perchance, might be Florence; and yet, as he plunged through the snow, he could not but think how foolish was such a thought, for, of course, Dorrance would find a gilded prison for his bird.

He was on his way then to the city, and it being a better road for sleighing, and desiring to bring back several parcels for his mother, he had gone in the sleigh instead of the train. He had ample time, however, to stop a moment and indulge the wild curiosity in his soul.

The door was moveless, but all of the shutters being fastened on the outside with huge iron bolts, ingress was a matter of comparative ease.

He leaped through one of the windows, and approached the prostrate figure; a pang of disappointment, at which he was vexed, thrilled his breast when he saw the dirty room, the shabbily-attired negro girl, with unkempt, kinky hair, lying on the floor.

He touched her, spoke to her, looked at her, and was about to turn away, when his better nature told him the person was suffering, in some way or other, else why the signal evidently of distress—and this deep, deathlike faint?

Then, with a courage and nobility few men possess, he determined to take her in his sleigh to the nearest house, wherever it might be, or whosoever it was, for attention.

With Arch Chessom, to will was to do. He lifted the figure in his arms, and laid her on the floor of the sleigh, with a robe over and under her.

If he had known, if he had but heard her voice as Palmer had done! but Fate was not to be appeased just then; the wicked was "to flourish as a green bay tree" yet longer before the inevitable downfall came.

So he drove on, watching for a house. It was not twenty minutes' gallop before the forbidding walls of the Haunted House loomed up.

He turned his horses' heads up the avenue, and drove round to the side entrance.

Mary came to the door. "It is a half-frozen colored girl I picked up. You can warm her and feed her, can't you?"

He gave her a bill, and Mary turned down the buffalo-robe.

"Bless my stars! if it ain't dat Ida!" "I am glad you know her. Take her in with you; and give Mr. Chessom's compliments to the master of the house, whom I have not the pleasure of knowing."

He drove off, while Mary, her wrinkled, red face all smiles, carried poor, unconscious Florence in, and laid her down on the kitchen lounge.

"It's a pity missus had gone! but I'll keep her anyhow! Maybe de boss giv' me sumthin'."

## CHAPTER XIII. THE LOST BIRD.

Fired with rage, Ellis Dorrance had returned to Beecherest, bemoaning his luck, and cursing the hour he had let Florence's pretty face lead him on.

What if it had been planned years ago, when Florence was a child, that he was to be her husband? What if it was true, that unless she became his wife, if certain affairs became known, he was liable to imprisonment?

He had been goaded into it first by selfishness; then when he began to admire Florence's pretty face, and had seen her evident dislike for him, his pride and willfulness had led him on and on—to this! Away down in his heart he disliked Isabel Lefevre; and only to his own thoughts did he whisper he truly loved Gussie Palliser—bright, winsome Gussie Palliser, whom he loved now better than before.

He had plenty of time to think of all these things as he walked rapidly toward the village; and among them was the resolve to seek a reconciliation with Gussie. He knew she was of a jealous, passionate disposition, and that he must be wary if he wanted to succeed.

How to effect this was a question of doubt; only a clean confession, and a humble apology would serve her.

Would she see him? He doubted it, and then, as he entered his room, he bethought him that Gussie must be on her visit to the Chessoms about now; there she would learn that Archer Chessom really loved Florence, and so she might be inclined to forgive him what he intended to explain plausibly.

But how communicate with her? Chessom's Pride was not open to him; a personal interview, even if granted, would be too hasty, too fiery. He would write, then; there was the beautiful white carrier-pigeon in the cage he had placed it.

Its wing was nearly healed; it would fly straight to Chessom's Pride; there was a romance about such a messenger that Gussie could not withstand.

He rung the bell for Palmer to ascertain whether or not Gussie had gone to Chessom's Pride; but Palmer was not within call, and not until an hour and a half later did he return, "from a visit to his aunt."

He was strangely jubilant, but Dorrance did not observe it.

"Jim, that Chessom's been too much for us! he's spirited her away from the Haunted House."

Palmer opened his eyes in the most amazed manner.

"No! Mr. Dorrance, I can't believe it." "And that Italiane is as bad as he is," went on Dorrance. "She rigged her up a *la modista*, so she says, never dreaming that Chessom was going to liberate her! so if you come across any such—"

He paused significantly.

"I understand; only, Mr. Dorrance, I am sorry to change my business. I am sorry to leave your employ, but I think it best to leave America, and join my relatives in England."

A look of dismay shadowed Dorrance's face.

"I don't see how I can spare you, Palmer. You've been faithful."

"And I'll ever keep secret what I know. Depend on that, Mr. Dorrance."

"If you could do me one more favor, Jim?"

"Anything in my power that can be done before to-morrow at six. I shall leave Beecherest then forever."

Dorrance exchanged a roll of notes.

"Here is what is due you. Now, Jim, find out whether Miss Palliser is at Lakeview or Chessom's Pride."

When Palmer had said good-night, or good-morning rather, for it was near three o'clock, Dorrance wrote a letter to Gussie; a letter that such a man knew so well how to write, one that in the fervor of its earnestness, intensity of passion, tenderly respectful apologies, was well calculated to appeal to the heart, however estranged, of the woman who had once loved him.

The gray shades of daydawn were looming up among the faint shining stars, when Dorrance sealed and directed the envelope, to Miss Gussie Palliser, Chessom's Pride.

Early that forenoon, Palmer brought the desired information that Gussie had gone to Chessom's Pride that morning, and that Arch Chessom had gone to New York for a day or so, so probably longer, to seek additional aid in finding Florence.

"So you see Mr. Chessom is as ignorant of her whereabouts as you are, Mr. Dorrance."

Ellis was surprised beyond measure, and he frowned darkly.

"Then it is the work of that Jezebel! I'll dispatch this at once, and go to the Haunted House. If there is anything in my power to do toward extorting a confession, it shall be done."

The rays of the sun were streaming athwart the window, when Ellis threw it open to admit the fresh, pure air.

On the sill, still in its cage, perched the carrier-dove, whiter than the snow itself, its gentle eyes beaming brightly among the pure plumage.

The same blue ribbon Florence Arbuthnot had tied to its slender neck, still hung there, and to it Ellis Dorrance attached the letter.

He softly caressed the downy white feathers, as he held it in his hand, the missive on which so much depended swinging from his throat.

"Amazing stupidity! as if the fact of this dove returning to Chessom's Pride, bearing a letter from me, will not at once reveal my agency in the Arbuthnot affair! Fool that I am! Ah, furies and—"

Well might he exclaim in that sharp tone, for the bird had flown from his grasp, and was soaring up into the clear, cold air.

An expression of impotent rage overspread his face, and he reached frantically after it.

"Curses alight on my foolishness! The Pates are in league with that bird, and it is a sign I am to be thwarted in the end."

Then, after a moment's gaze at the white speck floating up, off and away, he dashed the window down and struck his clenched fist on the table.

"Thwarted! no! not if I wade through blood to victory. And now, for Isabel!"

## CHAPTER XIV. LOST.

For several hours Florence Arbuthnot lay in a succession of fainting spells; and it was not until toward noon that she became aware of her condition and whereabouts. She remembered how she had hailed Arch as he had passed by; she recollected the dizziness and illness she had experienced; after that all was a blank until she saw Mary's face bending over her.

She essayed to rise, but discovered she was very much prostrated.

"Where's Mr. Chessom? where's the gentleman who got out of the sleigh at that cabin?" Her sharp, eager voice, her face all aglow with feverish earnestness, met a decided cooling from Mary.

"Oh, he's gone, long ago. He left him compelliments for de master, and giv' me a ten-dollar greenback to fetch ye around all squar, honey."

"He brought me here, then? and left me with you? Oh-h-h-h, I comprehend! he didn't know me in this disguise! Oh, Mary! Mary! you are a woman! you have a woman's heart! Do help me get this off, and show me the way home! The gentleman will give you ten times that money, if you will."

Mary folded and unfolded the precious money thoughtfully.

"Dunno' what Miss Isabel'd say to dat! Ye see she's gone down into de village to see a pussion, and jest's like she'll take a notion to trabbel on to Europey afore I see hile or hair of her agin! She's so on 'is, Miss Isabel is, no countin' on her at all."

"But you know I'm white, don't you? for you saw me; you believe I am Miss Arbuthnot, don't you?"

Mary laughed; not ill-naturedly, at Florence's nervous question.

"To be sure I does, 'cause, you see, Miss Isabel she tells me jist afore she went."

Florence caught her arm tightly.

"Give me water, then, to wash this nasty stuff off; get me my clothes again, Mary, and you shall keep the jewelry. Mr. Chessom will reward you besides."

"Ef I thought Miss Isabel'd stay away—"

"She will, I know! Besides, Mary, if she should come in, I'll hide anywhere you tell me! Please, dear, kind Mary!"

"Spose now, first off, you know, you tell me who tooked you off last night?"

There was a little gleam in the negress' eyes.

"Indeed I'll tell you any thing! It was that wicked Mr. Palmer, that drives Mr. Dorrance's carriage; he said he had come from Mr. Chessom, the gentleman who brought me here; so I was glad enough to escape. But he deceived me; and oh, Mary, you never can know all I have endured in one little week! If Mr. Chessom, in the goodness of his heart, had not rescued me, I don't know what would have happened! Now you'll wash me off, and let me have my dress, won't you?"

She smiled brightly into the old woman's face, that relaxed at its sweet winsomeness despite the homely brown skin.

"Well, well, I dunno as it ken hurt anybody. Only, if Miss Isabel comes—"

"Yes, yes, I know! Now for soap and hot water."

A long, hard hour's work was necessary before Florence was herself again; then she attired herself in a gray dress, with its lace ruffles, her own pretty, graceful self; prettier, if possible, with her short hair curling in loose tendrils all over her head, and on her white forehead.

She sat down in Isabel's cushioned armchair, wondering how to get home.

To walk was simply impossible; the unshovel-

ed snow lay knee-deep along the road, and the day was windy and intensely cold. She fully recognized the folly of attempting it.

Carriages seldom passed that way; but she determined that the very first should be signaled; unless she could prevail upon Mary to go to the village and procure aid.

This, however, she found utterly impossible to do; Mary would not stir from the house until Miss Isabel came or sent; besides, knowing, as she did, with her natural shrewdness, Dorrance's affair with Florence, she was resolved to detain the girl there until he or Isabel came.

It was not for long; just as the sun was going down, Ellis Dorrance came up to the door, with a paper in his hand.

"It's from Miss Isabel, Mary; I was coming to see her when the telegraph messenger gave me this for you. She will not condescend to notify me of her comings and goings."

It was a telegram telling Mary to stay at the Haunted House as long as she wished; after to return to the old place; she (Isabel) would sail for England the next day, per Albion, for an indefinite time.

Isabel had not given her reasons for the sudden step; and, as it removes her from our story, we will explain. She had gone to Lakeview to tell Gussie Palliser of Florence's sudden disappearance; had learned that Gussie was visiting, for a time, at Chessom's Pride.

Thus disappointed of communicating with Gussie, although she left a sealed note marked "private," she had gone by train to New York; partly on business of her own; partly from a conviction that Dorrance had taken Florence secretly away, and that they might possibly propose a tour to England.

She resolved to examine the lists of entered passengers on several leading steamships; to her anger and wrath, she found on one the name—"Mr. James Palmer and lady."

Knowing Palmer to be in the secret employ of Dorrance, she instantly supposed Florence to be the "lady," and her own faithless lover the gentleman who had borrowed his *valet de chambre's* name.

With exultant triumph she secured a state-room; registered an assumed name; made a few necessarily hasty preparations, and went aboard the Albion; determined to keep closely to her state-room until they were fairly at sea; and then confront him with the truth she knew he feared and dreaded; the truth she had sworn never to reveal, but which now she justly decided, was due herself to tell.

She telegraphed the last thing before she went on board. It is needless to state her exacting demands, or her chagrin, to learn, when miles and miles away, that she was thwarted!

A fortnight later, and the news rung through both continents: the Albion was burned at sea, and not a soul left to tell the story!

Florence heard Dorrance's voice in the other room, which he had entered before Mary could give the warning she would have done, had not the surprise of the telegram driven all thoughts of Florence from her mind.

Her first impulse was to fly anywhere—anywhere from his hated presence; she obeyed that sudden intention, and, with wild eyes, sprang toward the door just as a large, white hand with a costly ring gleaming on its finger, arrested her flight.

"Can it be possible? Is it really true I am vouchsafed this great pleasure? Florence, come back."

She turned on him a proud, yet beseeching glance.

"Mr. Dorrance, have I not been persecuted enough?"

"When I left you here, Florence, I solemnly assure you I had no idea of what was to befall you before we met again. What intervened between that night and this I know nothing of, except it was the work of a jealous woman."

Florence had never seen him so thoroughly in earnest; and yet she was afraid to trust him.

"Where you have been, I know not; will you tell me?"

"I do not know myself; I only know the name of the man who took me in a carriage and looked me in a dreary, lonely cabin. I think you know him, Mr. Dorrance, for 'birds of a feather flock together.' His name is Palmer."

Dorrance sprang from the chair, an oath on his lips. "The rascal! the villainous liar! So that is why he wished to leave my service to-day, is it? Leaves Beecherest for England at six to-night, hey?"

He paced to and fro in the long room, with a countenance expressive of the rage in his heart.

"It seems I am not the only one who admires your pretty face, Florence, how did you escape from the cabin?"

Florence raised her head haughtily.

"I prefer not to talk further on the subject, Mr. Dorrance. I have only to ask that you will take me home at once."

A loud, incredible laugh answered her. "That is an admirable piece of effrontery! Do you think I shall relinquish my prize as soon as I have regained it?"

She smiled a little, but her answer was firm and undaunted.

"Then I shall go myself. Mr. Dorrance, I tell you there will be no use of endeavoring to persuade me to be your wife; an imprisonment of twenty years would not change my mind. To save trouble, you may as well let me go first as last."

Dorrance gazed admiringly at her flushed, eager face, with its red parted lips, and dusky flashing eyes. He waited several minutes in respectful silence, and Florence thought he was about to relent, when he said:

"Upon my word, Florence, you are prettier than ever with your hair short!"

Florence turned, sadly, away to the window, her lips quivering. Dorrance followed her.

"Florence, I will tell you what I am going to do. This house shall be your home; Mary shall be your servant; I will be lord and slave; and you will be mistress. But, Florence, it will necessarily be a prison-house because you will not accede to my wishes. So content yourself, Florence, as best you can. I will bring you books and music, clothes and—"

She confronted him with her bright, flashing eyes.

"How dare you? How dare you?" and she stamped her foot, angrily. "To injure you and insult! Not an article will I touch from your hands, unless it be food to keep me in strength to defy you! Appoint me my prison-cell, Ellis Dorrance, and I will go to it. I will live in it and die in it, with the sweet consciousness that I will not be bought or coerced by such a villain as you! These are my terms."

A little, impertinent laugh came tantalizingly from his lips.

"Captives do not dictate terms, you know."

Then he called to Mary to spread supper for them, and Florence, fearing lest he might drop her victuals, was glad to partake of the same food he ate.

Gradually the dusk drew on, and after lamps had been lighted, Dorrance drew an easy-chair and the light oval table nearer the fire.

He took the afternoon's paper from his overcoat-pocket, and ensconced himself cozily in the genial warmth and light to read.

Florence drew frigidly back in the shadowy corner, her proud, pale face gleaming in the darkness like some rare marble statue; her eyes, covered by the long, drooping lashes, filled with the proud, indignant tears she would not suffer to fall.

Mary was at work in her kitchen; the windows and doors were fast closed and locked, and Florence thought how inexpressibly lonely and still it was.

She wondered if Arch would go back home by the same route, or had he already gone, and left her behind to grope about in the awful darkness that had come upon her?

Of Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot she scarce thought at all, and yet she could not help wondering how they regarded her absence; if they knew how it had happened, and were seeking for her.

Dear Arch! how disfigured she must have been that his loving eyes did not recognize her; she knew her voice would have done what her altered face could not. All the horrors of the past night came vividly before her, and she was forced to acknowledge that it was better as it was; for there was creature comfort here, at the Haunted House, and a woman besides herself.

Then a sudden imperious summons made her spring from her chair, part in alarm, more in wild hope that rescue had come.

Dorrance dashed down the paper, and wheeled sharply around, his face pale with an awful fear, that Florence's friends were on his track.

Then, when Mary had opened the door, Jim Palmer sprang in! And the door closed again.

## CHAPTER XV. SHOWING HIS TEETH.

It was with feelings of inexpressible exultation that Jim Palmer made his preparations before going after Florence at the cabin.

He had been paid up by Dorrance, and with his money he had gone to New York, secured passage in the Albion, purchased an elegant outfit of clothing for Florence, and then hired a coach and horses.

Himself attired in garments of the finest material and best maker, he had gone alone to the place in which he had left her.

Tying his horses, he had hurried to the door, marveling at the want of light gleaming from between the chinks.

He unbolted the window nearest the back of the cabin, not noticing the front one that Arch Chessom had unfastened; jumped through, and then struck a light.

The fire had burned out hours before, and a chilly shiver seized him as he strode to the middle of the room.

A second's surveillance betrayed the fact that Florence had escaped!

Chagrined and enraged, he sat down a moment to collect his thoughts.

"It was not Dorrance's work," he reasoned, "because Dorrance had been at home nearly all day with him. It was Isabel's, that black-haired witch at the Haunted House!"

No sooner had he arrived at that conclusion than he returned to the carriage, turned his horses' heads toward the Haunted House, and galloped on.

Wild thoughts were afloat in his brain as he rattled along; he would compel Isabel to give Florence up, under pain of revoking her criminality in transforming Florence from white to black.

He had arranged the mode of word attack, and when he sprang from the carriage, a little distance from the house, he concluded to act strongly on the offensive from the first.

Thus he strode to the door, and knocked decidedly.

To his utter surprise, he confronted Ellis Dorrance, when he had so surely hoped to meet Isabel's efforts.

For a moment he was confounded; then, recollecting that Dorrance did not know of his escapade with Florence Arbuthnot, he resolved to put a bold face on, and manufacture the most plausible excuse he could, for his sudden, evidently unwonted appearance.

On the other side, Dorrance, who was infinitely relieved when he saw who the intruder was, having feared so much more, determined at once to make known to Palmer his acquaintance with his actions.

Palmer did not observe Florence, who had shrunk retired to the most dark, distant corner.

"Well, you are not off for England, I see?"

Dorrance's tone was full of cutting irony, that only a knowledge of the secret of the other could give.

"Not yet; I forgot an important bit of news I heard this afternoon, and drove up to tell you, since I did not find you at your boarding-house. Miss Palliser has returned from Chessom's Pride, and—"

A hot flash came to Dorrance's cheeks; it was not agreeable to him that Florence should hear what was probably coming; so he interrupted Palmer.

"Yes, exactly. By the way, Jim, where were you last night about eleven o'clock? from then on until after two?"

He stared wrathfully at Palmer, who returned it with interest.

"I do not know that I am in duty bound to answer any such questions."

"When you take it upon yourself to interfere in my private arrangements, and turn traitor to the one you pretend to serve, I think I have the right to demand an answer from you."

Palmer knew then that, by some mysterious agency, Dorrance knew his villainy; and he instantly resolved to fight for every inch of ground.

Dorrance's face grew darker and stormier, then he burst forth, in a torrent of passion:

"Why did you assist Florence Arbuthnot to escape from this house? Why did you convey her to that lonely cabin on the Stony Road? Why did you leave her there, a guarded prisoner?"

His tones were intensely bitter.

Palmer looked coolly at him, his light gray eyes almost white in their glare.

"For the same reason you took her from her home several nights ago."

A hoarse, sarcastic laugh came from Dorrance.

"Good! then you perhaps imagined the young lady was in love with you?"

"Perhaps so; at any rate, I was in love with her."

"You dare to aspire to her hand! Jim Palmer—"

Palmer smiled with supreme indifference. "Do you know who I am?" he asked, carelessly.

"I ought to, after being your master for years and years."

"Nominally, yes; but, after all, Dorrance, it is I whom am master. I could enlighten your bewildered understanding on several subjects that have been transpiring these last ten or fifteen years; regarding the—"

A vague fear seized Dorrance; besides, there was Florence sitting in that dusky corner, listening to every word.

"That will do, Palmer. You may be excused from the premises now."

It was hardly the language to use to a man like Jim Palmer, and Dorrance saw it too late, for Palmer turned sharply on him.

"You excuse me, you black-hearted knave? Don't attempt to insult me, or it will be worse for you; besides, when you make a deadly enemy of the man who knows your secrets, all about the secrets of those you serve, it is apt to prove a bad move. So be careful, Dorrance, for your own sake."

His patronizing air maddened Dorrance.

"I defy you and your secrets! Begone, or I'll assist you!"

He drew a pistol from his pocket, and pointed it at Palmer, who sneered at it.

"I confess that's not pleasant. You're a capital shot, I know, and I value my life quite too much to stand for a target. I'll retire, Ellis Dorrance, but mark these words. When you least expect or desire it, I will confront you with those secrets you



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### Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.—A young lady in Detroit, says: "I make my bustles out of all the papers but the SATURDAY JOURNAL; but that paper makes such a bustle among all the family that, by the time it reaches me, it is too worn and crumpled for the parlor." She has my sympathies.

—One of our contributors invites us to the cool shades of his country home, and describes in charming phrase the shady nooks and quiet walks beneath the trees. It all sounds so much like pure invention that we are afraid to venture. The idea of an author actually owning such an Arcadia! Impossible, sir!

—We wrote an account, some weeks since, of the business of adulterating or manufacturing liquors. The item has been "going the rounds," and several letters have come to us, evidently from benevolent retail dealers, for information! Pretty bad we have got to be sure! Because we are supposed to know the tricks of the trade, therefore we are just the persons to impart information! Well, perhaps we do know how to make sixteen kinds of liquor out of one base, and can for six or seven dollars make fifty dollars' worth of brandy, gin, rum and wine; but are we going to impart the valuable secret for the asking? Our price is one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars in hand, and a deed for every other section of land alongside of the broad-gauge railway to the Dead Sea, for the secret. The money we will turn over to the Drunkard's Hospital—the land we will reserve as a Potter's Field for burying the drunken dead.

—A friend who has "been there," says Long Branch is the biggest "Sho" (show) and Saratoga the worst "Sir, ens!" (circus) he ever saw. If worse puns have been made it must have been after dark, when nobody could see the point. The conundrum—Why is the new Geyser Spring at Saratoga like a pawnbroker shop? This same person answers by saying, both take a spout to run 'em, and adds that he knows this is the correct answer, because he had been to both places.

—N. B. We learn that he has to "spout" his watch at Ben Solomon's to get money enough to go to Saratoga! The query is—how many other fellows had to do the same thing in order to go to that Feast of Fools?

### EDGED TOOLS.

You can not meddle with lotteries and gift enterprises without getting deceived. We have not come to the millennium yet, nor reached that golden age when people are so benevolent as to present us with the value of five dollars for the simple investment of one. When I was at boarding-school a party of us girls took it into our heads to seek out a fortune-teller, being very anxious to peer into the future, and I can remember the stealthy steps we took from the house toward the old tumble-down hut of the "seventh daughter of a seventh daughter." It was a miserable habitation, and its owner more miserable still, and I thought if one had any thing to do with lifting the veil of the future, then this sorceress evidently had the power, for the room was impregnated with their effluvia.

Of course she told me I was to marry a wealthy man of superb beauty—one who would idolize the very ground I walked upon—told me the lucky number that would draw the prize in the next lottery, and, for twenty-five cents, gave me a picture of the face of my future husband, cautioning me not to look upon it until I got home.

The picture was a looking-glass, the moral of which was, no doubt, that when I got married, my face would belong to my husband, and of course that was my husband's face. Sober second thoughts convinced me that, if the sorceress really knew what numbers would draw the highest prize in the lotteries, she would keep them herself!

But there are others who do not get off so easily. Bad men will fee these old fortune-tellers heavily, to give their callers—the young and innocent girls—their pictures, making out that they are ordained by fate to be their future husbands. These women

will tell their victims that, if they will walk in Central Park at a certain hour, they will meet the original of the photograph. Silly girls, as they are, they swallow all for gospel, what these old hags say, and, of course, it all turns out as the evil one desires!

I believe, and I am not alone in my opinion—that thousands of the suicides may be traced to these vile pretenders, the "fortune-tellers," who care not what fate overtakes their victims, so long as they reap in the money. Talk of the danger of going in a powder-mill! There is ten times the danger in entering one of these dens of the professed "fortune-teller" and "seer."

Be warned, my dear young girls, ere it is too late! Had the good and wise Father intended that we should read the future, would He not have made the revelation Himself, and not left it in the hands of vile, depraved and wicked impostors?

Young man, your visits to the bar-room you will find to be another edged tool—an edged tool that will not only cut off your manliness, but it will cut deep, deep to the heart of your loved ones. Do you drink because you think it is manly? Let me disabuse your mind of that erroneous idea. It is not manly, and you will find you will sooner gain the esteem of the true and pure by relinquishing that, continuing the use of liquor. I do not think there is one good woman in the world who would advise her husband or brother to drink. Ask any man who is a slave to this passion, if he would advise you to commence upon this course he is following. He would not; he sees its blasting misery himself and has feeling enough for others to warn them against it.

Show me one person who has been benefited by the use of liquor, and I will take back what I have said, and you know that it is a hard thing for a woman to do.

I tell you that you can not play with edged tools without getting cut.

EVE LAWLESS.

### FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

The apple in the Garden of Eden presented no irresistible attraction until after it had been denied, and so the forbidden fruits of our day exert a fascinating influence from this very reason.

Young people who are brought up in the moral atmosphere of severely religious homes are more apt to plunge into excesses when let loose upon the world than others who have been less rigidly brought up. Parents who denounce innocent amusements as traps set for the feet of the unwary, who enforce catechisms, creeds and orthodoxy, from the cradle, will look upon a theater as a kind of earthly court dedicated to the service of his Satanic majesty, and professors of the historic art as emissaries to tempt the weak from the straight path of duty; who regard light literature with abhorrence, and recommend the study of Baxter's Saints' Rest as a pleasant recreation; who forget that they were ever any thing but shriveled anatomies with the milk of human kindness churned to a very rancid compound in their hard pilgrimage over life's roughest places—such people are always martyrs from choice—these parents must reap the products of such seed as they have sown, discontentment, narrowness of mind, deceit and practiced falsity.

Keep a child from the sweetmeats, he loves, and he is apt to break into the jelly-closet; tear a youth who is enduring the blisses and agonies of puppy-love from the straight path of duty, and he may solace himself by a worse indulgence than the innocent companionship of a pretty girl; deprive young people of the amusements they crave, of such enjoyments as are proper to their age and circumstances, and you will have them stealing away when you are in bed and suppose them fast asleep. You will have your girls eloping out of back windows with unprincipled young scoundrels, and your boys breaking away from the reins of parental government soon as they become of legal age. If, indeed, they wait so long, while you, poor old fogey, bewail your desolate old age, and moan over filial ingratitude and the frightful degeneracy of the times.

If any are to be more pitted than children reared in such restricted homes, it is the unwise parents who think to work out salvation for the next world by the sacrifice of all human affection in this. J. D. B.

### Foolscap Papers.

#### My Great Show.

My grand Equinoctial Show will soon start upon the 15th annual tour of the United States, with greater attractions than ever, and is by far the largest circulating circus circuitously circumscribed by canvas, and it will hold all that can get in, and a few thousands on the outside. N. B. People on the outside charged extra.

The proprietor will exhibit his daring feats of horsemanship without extra charge. He will perform the brilliant act of getting upon a horse with a step-ladder, riding with only one hand holding to the mane, riding over a ten-foot pole laid on the ground, ride round the ring at a brisk trot without anybody holding him, on, blow his nose while going the fastest, daringly stand straight up in the stirrups, and finally fall off with the greatest ease.

Our champion tumblers hold more than any thing else. One of them turns 14 summersaults without touching—any thing to drink, and walks on his head all around the ring. One will climb up and sit down on his hands, turn three hand-springs, a hand-organ and a grindstone.

Our acrobats, like base-ball bats, knock every thing in their line. The proprietor will turn four summersaults without lighting—a cigar, jump over 14 horses—from one to the other—and perform the thrilling act of holding on to a trapeze and letting his feet hang down, amid cheers.

Our vaulters are all the celebrated beaver-vaulters, and are unsurpassed, for they take every thing down.

The one-legged elephant will dance to fast music, stand on the end of his trunk, climb a pole, gallop around the ring, turn a hand-spring, play a piano and fan himself with a cellar door.

The proprietor will perform the Star Spangled Banner, with great applause, on a bass drum, bringing in all the variations with such fine effect that every eye in the audience will fill with tears, without any extra expense whatever.

The celebrated man who was born without a head, will appear every evening in the

ring in some of the choice songs of the day, to the gratification of all hearers.

The renowned Tiger, purchased from John Morrissey's menagerie, will perform every day, on the outside, to the amusement of greenhorns.

You will see the largest bed-bug ever captured in the wilds of Indiana. It is only 16 years old, and weighs 340 pounds. One man makes him a good square meal. A large Kangaroo and three small Kangaroos which live principally upon spring-beds and India rubber, several trick mules and mule-y cows; one Malayan tapir and several midnight tapers caught in an editor's office, and tamed; an Egyptian crocodile, caught in a crockery shop where it was eating crocks; one fine riding-goat, purchased from the Odd Fellows; the Australian giant, very high—at times; a camel that never got his back up; a hippopotamus that never had the hypo; an Egyptian mummy three thousand years of age, without a rheumatic bone in his body, of whom you may ask any questions if you think it will do you any good, though you will generally find him mum without mumbling much mummery—a very dry old chap; several English hares which were lost, but were restored by the use of hair restoratives; one cage of jail-birds who have fledged their nests by fledging others; one fine span of well-broken Arabian night mares; one rhinoceros caught in the river Rhine; the great American hog—this man was originally a hotel clerk in the city of Chicago, procured at great expense; several living cast-iron frogs; one cage of badly-fledged scare-crows; the smallest man in the world—a grinding landlord, and a full hive of mermaids.

Our tight-rope walkers always get tight before they begin to perform, and know the ropes so well that they have long defied their in the sheriff's hands.

Our champion rider will stand on his head and ride seven horses abreast, and go through many hair-breadth performances of horsemanship which he learned while driving a canal boat.

Among our bareback riders may be classed several dashing ladies.

Our performers on the horizontal bar, or any other bar, are unsurpassed.

The proprietor will appear in the celebrated Highland fling, in which he will fling off a mug of Scotch ale with great accuracy, to fast music and great applause by the band.

The brass band will take their horns and blow up sweet music or they will be blown up themselves in quick time.

Landlords and printers are requested to prepare for complimentary tickets.

Special inducements for members of church—seven clowns in the ring.

Collectors of license not admitted.

If any people are taken up by the wild animals, I want it distinctly understood that it is no loss of mine; should they eat any of my wild animals up, it would be different.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN,

Proprietor.

### Woman's World.

Blondes and Brunettes.—What is most befitting, in colors and styles, for each.—Jute and Felt Hair-Poisoners.—Hints to wearers.—Answers to inquiries about dress, etc., etc.

At this season the world of fashion is absolutely at a stand-still. The weather is so warm that the coolest and most negligé garments are in the best taste. White is always a beautiful dress at all hours of the day, and the pretty and inexpensive Victoria lawn suits, which with the use of the "standard" trimming of ready-made puffings and plaatings, now so popular, can be worn late in the season, even into the cool days of October.

Roman scarfs of cashmere, with bright-tinted and vari-colored striped borders, will be worn as the first early fall wraps. Every lady should have one. They are not costly, the pieces ranging from five dollars upward to ten and fifteen dollars, and all intermediate prices.

It is to be hoped that the rage for pale, faded shades and tints in ribbons and materials for dress will have been exhausted by the next season. These affectations, for they can be called nothing else, are really becoming to none, and the only style which can afford to wear them is the clear brunette with very dark hair and eyes, and a complexion which would be blonde if united to golden hair and blue eyes.

Beauty is often completely hidden by an injudicious selection of color in dress or ribbons. If a lady is blonde, she must not at once conclude she can wear any color.

She must beware of all shades of yellow, orange, deep red, and purple. She may wear all shades of blue, but she must wear pink and rose color. Delicate light shades of green set off her eyes, hair and complexion; but dark green she must leave for the flashing orbs and dark locks of her rosy brunette sister. She may wear a black lace bonnet or a black velvet hat, both of which may be relieved of their somber effect by plumes of white or blue, or flowers of the colors which we have described as becoming to blondes.

A brunette, if she has a good color well distributed on her cheeks and chin, with those coral lips so peculiar to her style, may indulge in a larger range of color than any of her sisters. She can wear dark green, many of the shades of blue, nearly all shades of red and rose color, while maize and gold, orange, scarlet, and the paler shades of purple she can also wear, provided she enlivens them with straw or gold color, maize or coral color. She may not wear a black bonnet or hat to advantage, but a pale brunette looks well in one, particularly if it is trimmed with claret, dark russet, or crimson ribbons and flowers.

White never looks well on a pale brunette, while to the ruddy type it is peculiarly becoming. A deep coral rose color is peculiarly becoming to a pale brunette, but she must be careful not to select any shade of pink which inclines to purple. On the contrary, those shades which are lighted up as it were with flame color give a luster to her eyes and a glow to her pallid cheeks, which are peculiarly beautiful; but all the deepest, deep, rich tones of red, crimson, scarlet and magenta are much more becoming to her.

In answer to inquiries from several ladies about false hair, jute braids and switches, we can state that a distinguished chemist asserts that, after careful investigation, though he found no parasites or vermin in jute, still it is sure to destroy the human scalp if allowed to remain long in contact with it. He says that, in the preparation of jute, a most deadly mercurial poison, corrosive sublimate, is used, and also nicot-

tine, the essential principle of tobacco. The jute, by this treatment, becomes almost as brittle as spun glass, and breaking into small particles, enters the pores of the scalp, introducing poison, and causing first a slight irritation and afterward serious ulceration.

False hair is liable to produce similar effects, though from different causes. It is frequently diseased, and having been cut from diseased scalps, will infect that of the wearer. The dyes used in its preparation are also very deleterious. But we know that ladies will wear false hair, and what we say will not make a dollar's difference in the sale, or importation of the article to this country; but, ten years hence, we will have the satisfaction of saying to all the bald-headed ladies: "Didn't we tell you so?"

Mrs. E. W. D. With great economy we might be able to purchase an infant's outfit for \$25; but there would not be dozens of any articles. The usual allowance made is from 65¢ to \$100, for sets comprising from 35 to 45 pieces.

ELIA L. There is but one quick process of curling or crimping the hair, and that is with hot irons, which is always more or less injurious. The rubber curlers will accomplish it in a few hours; but it is best to dampen the hair, and put it upon them the night before. By morning it is perfectly dry and will remain in curl several days. The curlers come in sets and can be bought for 50 cts., 75 cts., and \$1 per set.

PHILOPENA. A very pretty present from a young lady to a gentleman is one of those fancy pen-wipers, which cost but a trifle, say from 75 cts. to \$1.50, and which would be a pretty and tasteful souvenir of your "philopena." We have seen some with a white swan, made of white velvet, for the body, and real feathers for wings and tail, sitting on a circle composed of several doubles of pinked black hood-cloth. Another with a couchant dog of cut sponge on the mat. Others have little fancy statuettes. Pretty little mats of white pique, for your toilet set, can be had for 10 cts. or 20 cts. apiece, according to size and braid pattern. They come braided in any color. Those of crochet, applique and lace cost from 50 cts. to \$5, and all intermediate prices.

Mrs. J. T. C. Inferior lace curtains are not so useful as those of plain or tambourine muslin. Music boxes are imported to this country, mostly from Switzerland. They cost from \$6 to \$4000, and all intermediate prices. Those costing from \$1500 to \$4000 have celestial voices, with bells, drums and castanets all in sight. They play from 50 to 100 tunes.

EMILY VERDERY.  
(MRS. E. V. BATTEY.)

### Short Stories from History.

Canine Sagacity.—One day, when Dumont, a tradesman of the Rue St. Denis, was walking in the Boulevard St. Antoine with a friend, he offered to lay a wager with the latter, that if he was to hide a six-livre piece in the dust, his dog would discover and bring it to him. The wager was accepted, and the piece of money secreted, after being carefully marked. When the two had proceeded some distance from the spot, M. Dumont called to his dog that he had lost something, and ordered him to seek it. Caniche immediately turned back, and his master and his companion pursued their walk to the Rue St. Denis. Meanwhile a traveler, who happened to be just then returning in a small chaise from Vincennes, perceived the piece of money which his horse had kicked from its hiding-place; he alighted, took it up, and drove to his inn in the Rue Pont-aux-Choux. Caniche had just reached the spot in search of the lost piece, when the stranger picked it up. He followed the chaise, went into the inn, and stuck close to the traveler. Having scented out the coin which he had been ordered to bring back, in the pocket of the latter, he leaped up incessantly at and about him. The traveler supposing him to be some dog that had lost or been left behind by his master, regarded his different movements as marks of fondness; and as the animal was handsome, he determined to keep him. He gave him a good supper, and on retiring to bed, took him with him to his chamber. No sooner had he pulled off his breeches, than they were seized by the dog; the owner, conceiving that he wanted to play with them, took them away again. The animal began to bark at the door, which the traveler opened, under the idea that the dog wanted to go out. Caniche snatched up the breeches and away he flew. The traveler posted after him with his nightcap on, and literally some clothes. Anxiety for the fate of a purse full of gold Napoleons, of forty francs each, which was in one of the pockets, gave redoubled velocity to his steps. Caniche ran full speed to his master's house, where the stranger arrived a moment after dark, breathless and enraged. He accused the dog of robbing him. "Sir," said the master, "my dog is a very faithful creature; and if he has run away with your breeches, it is because you have in them money which does not belong to you." The traveler became still more exasperated. "Compose yourself, sir," rejoined the other, smiling. "Without doubt there is in your purse a six-livre piece, with such and such marks, which you have picked up in the Boulevard St. Antoine, and which I threw down there with the firm conviction that my dog would bring it back again. This is the cause of the robbery which he has committed upon you." The stranger's rage now yielded to astonishment; he delivered the six-livre piece to the owner, and could not forbear caressing the dog which had given him so much uneasiness, and such an unpleasant chase.

Canine Sheep-stealer.—A shepherd who was hanged for sheep-stealing, about forty years ago, used to commit his depredations by means of his dog. When he intended to steal any sheep, he detached the dog to perform the business. With this view, under pretense of looking at the sheep, with an intention to purchase them, he went toward the flock with the dog at his foot, to whom he secretly gave a signal, so as to let him know the particular sheep he wanted, perhaps to the number of ten or twelve; out of a flock of some hundreds; he then went away, and from a distance of several miles, sent back the dog by himself in the night time, who picked out the individual sheep that had been pointed out to him, separated them from the flock, and drove them before him, frequently a distance of ten or twelve miles, till he came up with his master, to whom he delivered up his charge.

THEODORE. The terms "skeddadle," "scallawag" and "carpet-bagger" were always of the late war. The first originated North, and was applied to those who ran away from battle, the second a name applied South to those persons who were Southerners and entered the Northern army; the third applied to men who had been in the South, and were allowed to stay in their native State—who went South after the war and became "politicians" and officeholders. A real resident of the South is not a "carpet-bagger."

BETTIE VANESEID. You should not accept presents of jewelry from a young gentleman unless he is related to you, or you are engaged to him.

EVERETT. The most interesting source of reading for you would be history; commence with the history of your own country, and then of foreign lands; afterward read the instructive works of well-known authors, and light literature then will be a pleasing desert, and you can appreciate and understand all historical allusions made in novels.

ALBERT. You should never extend a social evening call upon a young lady after eleven o'clock; it is bad taste and might compromise the lady in the eyes of others.

GOVERNOR. If you wish to obtain a medium of general information, the best source is the Encyclopedia. The 9th edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" is by far the finest set of books ever published. The entire set—22 vols. and indexes—can be had for about \$2 per vol.

VARDEN asks regarding the colonization of the original thirteen States, and we give the following: Virginia, colonized by the English in 1607; New York, by the Dutch in 1614; Delaware in 1639; New Jersey, by the Swedes in 1664; Massachusetts by the English in 1630; New Hampshire, by the English in 1623; Maine, by the English in 1607; Pennsylvania, by the English in 1681; Georgia, by the English in 1733.

MORTIMER. The closing scene of the American Revolution was the battle of Yorktown, in 1781, under Lord Cornwallis, at Yorktown, to General Washington, in 1781.

SCHOLAR. Socrates did teach the "immortality of the soul," and the belief in a Supreme Being who governed the Universe. He died at 70, and was a martyr to the cause of Natural Religion against Paganism.

BUTLER. Glass vessels and culinary utensils can be cleaned and purified by rinsing them out with powdered charcoal.

Unanswered questions on hand will appear next week.

### Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage. Process and proof for future orders.—Estateable MSS. promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS. as "copy"; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unsuitable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find an ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Contributors must look to the column for all information as regards contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can use "Impure Literature." "Almost Lost," "Madelon," "To Joe Jot, Jr.," "Unfavored," "You Say," "Brush with Roadmen," also, by same author, "Eph. Marlet"—once before reported as on the unavailable list.

The package of papers from F. S. F. we can not report on until we return from a little visit in the North Woods. Ditto, the serials by Mrs. E. T. and H. E. L. Ditto, the several papers from E. B. R. of which we may say we have enough for some time to come.

Our contributors of rhyme and poetry all rhyme is by no means poetry must exercise great patience, even if it is not weather.

The following are declined. Such as had stamps inclosed for their return have been remailed, and only such. We do not return MSS. at our own expense. Why can't certain authors understand this? Along, "Summer Time" (both of which, we believe, are copied productions, and are remailed to us by one who ought to know better); "Birdie's Champion"; "The Ghost of a Shadow"; "A Good Year's Work"; "What For?" "For"; "The Old Maid's Peace Offering"; "The Rose in the Hair"; "Coming through the Beams."

GEORGE C. PERCY B. ST. JOHN is author of "The Ocean Girl," "C. D. St. John's Strife," "The Islands and Islands," sketches; we shall try and reproduce the "Wolf Demon," in answer to the incessant demand for it.

COMANORE BILL. Write to Peterson Books, of Philadelphia. The volume is not by Captain Mayne Reid. He does not write sea stories.

INQUIRER. Both the authors named are still on our list, and "drop in" at any time. Captain Reid is yet abroad.

ENGRAVER. All species of engraving is profitable, if well done. Wood engraving is most in use.

Z. Z. Z. The best thing for catarrh is to use a nose syringe, twice a day, charged with a weak solution of carbolic acid. The bad breath of course is caused either by foul teeth or a foul stomach. Every person's breath is naturally sweet. If it is otherwise there is some local cause. The cure is—remove that cause. We know nothing about Dr. Sayre's Remedy.

DOUBLE-DEATH asks where the Indians came from. Not knowing, can't say. The presumption is they are a secondary race, who, slowly drifting in from Asia by way of the Bering Straits (when they far from being so frigid as it now is), displaced the original or indigenous race, known as the Mound-builders and the builders of the pyramids of Egypt, and Mexico. The Indians, in fact, are carpet-baggers, and their claim to original proprietary isn't worth much to the Sages.

L. C. H. See a doctor about your sores. Red ants will fly before carbolic acid, or sulphur, or pennyroyal or red pepper.

RED WOLF. Every person doing a business which requires a license, has to pay that license, no matter what may be his age.

R. D. M. "Retribution" was read Aug. 1st and rejected, and so announced in this column. No stamp.

H. W. H. BERRY. We know nothing of the publisher named. Don't send your money until you learn that he is responsible.

DON EMANUEL. The better plan is to consult a physician, but you may avoid the state of your lungs by drawing in as much breath as you can conveniently can, then count in a slow and audible manner without inhaling more breath. The number of seconds must be carefully observed. When the lungs are in a sound condition, the number of seconds will range from twenty to fifty.

BUTTERWORTH. Books upon Etiquette are certainly useful, inasmuch as they expound the laws of society, but experience alone can give effect to the manner in which those laws should be carried out.

Mrs. P. P. D. Do not keep pickles in common earthen jars, as the glazing contains lead, and the blines with the vinegar. Use only wooden or stone ware, and cover well with vinegar.

MORRHUANA. Stale vegetables are very unwholesome, and must be avoided by the export grocery store, but experience alone can give effect to the manner in which those laws should be carried out.

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Mrs. P. P. D.



## REAL AND IDEAL

BY FRANK M. MERHE.

I roamed through the dream-formed bright-  
ness  
With my friend of the old time:  
We dreamed those hours of lightness,  
And mused those hours of lightness,  
We plucked from the shade-wreathed moun-  
tain  
Rare flowers for her sunbright curls:  
We scattered the spray of the fountain,  
A gleaming like diamonds and pearls.  
One pure drop fell on her bosom:  
Transferring the flower-blent hues,  
There fashioned miniature blossom  
Incised in sun-blent dew.  
One, caught in the spray-starred meshes  
Of the ringlets' lustrous light,  
Shone, midst the circled tresses,  
A gem of splendor bright.  
My peerless one seemed so ethereal,  
A creature transcendently fair:  
Commingle with rays empyreal,  
She faded in vestal air.  
I awoke from my blissful vision  
With dream-born pleasures rife:  
Drifted back from realms ethereal  
To the mocking, real life.  
On Eden's flower-decked mountains  
She curls the blooms of light:  
The spray of ambrosial fountains  
Bathes her soul in waters bright.  
White-robed, care-free she wanders  
Along the river's brim:  
On heaven-gained eyrie she ponders  
And drinks their nectar in.

## Did she Change her Mind?

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

It made as pretty a picture as one would care to look at—the wide, shadowy veranda of Judge Traviston's villa, with its light iron railings loaded with vines and flowers; its three graceful bird-cages, whose occupants were singing softly as if in unison with the sweet quiet of that warm June afternoon. Oak leaf hanging baskets and rustic pedestals, bearing a wealth of fragrance and bloom, added a peculiar style and beauty of their own; while the rarest, fairest attractions were the two girls in gossamer white dresses, who laughed and chatted among the silvan beauties of Glencora Traviston's home.

One, the older, and more dignified of the two, she with the flowing, red-gold hair and quiet, hazel eyes, was Miss Traviston herself; the other, all jollity, merriment and enthusiasm, was Kate Ethelind.

Just now, she was making a remark to Miss Traviston that, while it provoked a smile, elicited a half reproof.

"Kate, for shame! What could Mr. Chesterfield say if he knew you talked so?" Kate threw back her regal, graceful head in half disdainful indifference.

"There—that's exactly what I have always insisted upon! Just because I have the courage to say precisely as I think, I am to be tabooed! I tell you, Glencora, we girls are generally a fearful set of canards, and I, for one, will institute a reform."

Miss Traviston laughed at the girl's eager enthusiasm.

"That would do under some circumstances. But, for you to boldly declare that you are going to lay siege to Mr. Chesterfield's heart, on his return from Germany, simply because he is boundlessly rich—why, Kate, I think it is disgraceful!"

And Glencora Traviston's cheeks blushed for her thoughtless friend.

"Well, I don't. I repeat it, too, that I shall marry for money, and nothing but money. Don't rant about love on a salary of eight hundred a year—you, who were born an heiress—to me, who know what it means to pull at both ends before they will meet."

And then, in her righteous indignation, Miss Kate Ethelind vigorously pulled a clematis spray to fragments.

"I only hope Egbert Chesterfield will fall in love with you, Kate, seeing how determined you are to secure him. Have you ever seen his picture?"

"No. I wouldn't care for looks much." Kate answered indifferently; for she partially resented the smile, dawning on Glencora's face.

"Well, then, I can tell you, pa says he is excessively homely—nearly forty, I presume, because pa says he is bald."

Kate winced; certainly Mr. Egbert Chesterfield would need a deal of money to cover that bald spot.

"Your description differs vastly from the one the housekeeper at Chester Field gave me of him. She said he was as handsome as a picture, with the loveliest eyes."

"She must have thought you inquired about the heir's namesake, young Bert Chesterfield. He is handsome, and stylish and all that—only a bookkeeper on a salary."

Kate wouldn't observe the covert smile on Glencora's lips, nor the merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Egbert Chesterfield and his millions for me, anyhow. You'll see, Miss Traviston, how well I shall manage it."

It was an elegant breakfast parlor, that at Chester Field. A large, square room, with bay windows on two sides that were ornamented, one with a large, valuable aquarium, the other with rare flowering plants, hanging baskets and canary cages.

A round table, spread for two, whose scarlet and white cloth swept the brown velvet carpet, bore the traces of a royal meal; silver, crystal and transparent porcelain dishes stood irregularly around; chairs, sofas and ottomans of delicate rose-pink damask; sweeping lace curtains, marble-topped tables, rare books and vases of white violets, all united to make the apartment one of fine beauty.

The sunshine came streaming through the eastern window, filtering through a decanter of light yellow champagne, and then, almost tenderly, it seemed, beamed on the proud, handsome head that was bent slightly over the morning paper—Bert Chesterfield's. He was so perfect in contour and grace. Opposite thoughtfully consulting a pair of ivory tablets, was a plain man, dressed in elegant clothes that utterly failed to make the wearer appear stylish; a bald-headed, middle-aged man—Egbert Chesterfield, who had been only a week home from a four years' tour in Germany.

"By-the-by, uncle Egbert, I have a rich little joke to tell you; I came near forgetting it."

Mr. Chesterfield laid down his tablets in an easy, slow sort of way that characterized all his movements and looked inquiringly at the bright, handsome face opposite him.

"You know the Travistons—of course. Miss Glencora has a friend—a Miss Kate Ethelind—one of the sweetest, prettiest girls ever you saw, too; so frank and hon-

est that it does one good to look at her merry eyes. Well, uncle Egbert, there's a bow-knot somewhere about this charming young lady, for I am sure I've fallen in love with her; and am equally sure she has fallen in love with you?"

Bert laughed pleasantly, and Mr. Chesterfield's face relaxed into a smile.

"Preposterous, Bertie! I, old, ugly and—"

"The heir to the estate; don't you see? Miss Ethelind declares she'll marry you for the money."

His eyes were fairly dancing as he watched the bewilderment in his uncle's eyes.

"But, Bertie, you know—"

"I know you'll do just as I say, you good old fellow. Won't you, now?"

And then, over another tiny glass of champagne, those two men plotted and planned for the especial benefit of Miss Kate Ethelind.

"I don't suppose you'll feel complimented, Katie, but, positively, I don't think you are half as nice as you used to be."

Miss Glencora Traviston laid her bright-hued worsteds down and looked across to the other window, where Kate Ethelind sat, and had been sitting so listless and quiet, for an hour.

She colored at Glencora's plain words, then laughed.

"What do you suppose is the matter with me? A fit of indigestion?"

"Not at all," returned Glencora, promptly. "I know precisely what is the matter, however, and I will tell you."

The blushes deepened on Kate's cheeks, and she began to look angry.

"Don't trouble yourself, as you would be mortified if you were mistaken."

"But, I'm not mistaken, Kate. You know, as well as I do, too, that you are in love with young Bert Chesterfield! And you are vexed with yourself that it is so, when Mr. Egbert is so much more desirable."

Kate tossed her sewing to the floor and sprang wrathfully up.

"That's a big story, Glencora Traviston! I am not in love with Bert Chesterfield!"

"Well, don't be so emphatic, dear. So much smoke surely conceals a fire somewhere, though," said Glencora, coolly. "Besides, there is nothing to be ashamed of, I'm sure. Bertie is a lover any girl might be proud of."

"Yes, any girl who has no higher ambition than of love in a thatched cabin."

And then Kate slipped through the window out among the gay October leaves, and hurried homeward.

But, so soon as she had left Miss Traviston's presence, all her assumed independence and indignation fled. Her face grew sad and white, her steps languid, and in her eyes came a wistful, anxious look, that had been unknown to herself, Glencora had noticed often during the last few weeks.

She sat listlessly down on the lower step of the piazza that ran across the front of her home, and there, in the silence of the early sunset, Kate Ethelind looked her fate firmly in the face.

How strange it all was!

Here was this quiet, homely man, with his one million of money, this Egbert Chesterfield, of Chester Field, with his army of servants, his splendid carriages and horses, with their gold-plated accoutrements, his priceless silver, his fabulous family diamonds that were to be reset for the heir's bride; all these—hers if she but said "yes" to the offer Egbert Chesterfield had made her the evening before.

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And yet she couldn't help it; perhaps she did not realize it was her womanhood asserting itself; her better, nobler nature struggling for supremacy over a flimsy, paltry ambition.

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Strangely Wed:  
OR,  
WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?



sought her out. Art and old Naome had been among her frequent guests, and the three were mutually devoted to their reciprocal interests.

Thus Art and his present companion gained unquestioned admittance, and the best of the cozy little house contained was placed at their disposal. The young gipsy held a consultation with his hostess, which resulted in obtaining her promise to send back the horse they had ridden, within a couple of days, to its owner. Afterward, she brought out a suit of clothes which was less likely to excite particular observation than the velvet Art wore.

Arthur Clare, fatigued as he was, was still too excited to compose himself to rest during the few hours they remained there. He had asked no questions, trusting all implicitly to Art; but now the parental longing which during the years of his imprisonment, while he believed his child safe and happy under the guardianship of Gerald Fonteney, had been a quiet sorrow for himself that he should be denied the comfort of her fond caresses, the clinging clasp of her tiny child arms, the smooth fresh cheek laid lovingly to his—his longing for these dwindled to insignificance compared with the feverish restlessness which had taken possession of him to snatch her away from the dangers which encompassed her, and to restore her to the wealth he had scarcely regretted for himself.

"How long before I shall see my daughter—my little girl?" he asked, as Art came to prepare him for their continued journey.

"Soon," returned the latter, cheerfully, though his own heart was heavy with uncertainty as to what might have befallen her. "Ye've other things to think of first. Ye must get yerself safe away from them that'll seek for ye, and be patient till ye can show lawful claim to her."

"Where are you taking me?—what do you mean to do?" asked Clare. "You tell me my child is in imminent danger; surely you will not leave her to the harsh mercies of her enemies?"

"They'll never dare to do her hurt!" cried Art, and his face darkened threateningly. "No, no! they'll not do that, make yerself sure."

"No, no! they'll threaten her and be hard with her, mayhap, but they'll never dare to do her greater ill. I'm taking ye to them that'll see ye righted. Do ye remember of one Doctor Chalmers?"

"Doctor Chalmers?—he was my physician. He signed a certificate of my sanity when I first suspected Granville's villainy. I did not expect to live then, and I thought to confound him after I was dead by having every thing secured to Justice."

"I've my orders to take ye to Doctor Chalmers," continued Art. "I know no more than ye what's to be done after that, only that ye'll find friends that'll set ye straight."

He had procured a large travelling shawl, the thick, soft folds of which concealed Clare's fearfully attenuated figure. His flowing, snow-white beard was concealed by a large muffler, and he presented the appearance of an invalid old gentleman with no peculiarity to impress an ordinary observer.

They took passage on a midnight express train, which paused at the village station. They alighted from it in the gray dawn of the winter morning, hours before the telegrams which Mr. Granville sent abroad flashing over the wires.

They took a hack, and were rattled over the stony streets already alive with the laboring population flocking in crowds to the various scenes of their daily toil.

It was a confused whirl like an extraordinary phantasmagoria or vivid nightmare to Arthur Clare, who had so long been shut out from the wide circles of human influence and human society. He could scarcely believe that he would wake again to find himself in that lonely room, with its sable furnishings, with the locked door and the restless movements of the hound leashed without, his only glimpse of the world the solitary view he obtained from the windows where the single metallic easement, fast closed, was secure as the iron bars of a criminal's prison.

His naturally timid, retiring disposition was broken by long confinement; easily influenced by a stronger will, if left to himself now he would have been like a rudderless ship, buffeted about by any wind of circumstance which might chance to blow upon him.

But, advised by the forethought of others, he was beyond the danger of recapture before his worst foe had discovered his escape.

Doctor Chalmers, a hale, cheery old gentleman, with an atmosphere of unmistakable good living clinging perpetually about him, was already prepared for their arrival. The long ride across country on the previous day had been a tedious roundabout course from the direct route, but their flight would have been easily traced by the nearer ways. Thus it was that Naome had arrived a full hour sooner than they, by way of the Centreton express, having first assured herself of Justice's safety and of her return to The Terrace.

She had with her the jappaned box that had never left her possession since the night Art stole it from its hiding place—the box containing proofs that Arthur Clare was legal possessor of three-quarters of a million. It was Naome who had deposited it, at his direction, in the secret aperture, where she was nurse to him during one of his illnesses at The Terrace so many years before.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 123.)

## Pearl of Pearls: OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,  
AUTHOR OF "WOODWIND," "HERCULES, THE HUNCHBACK," "PLANNING TALENT," "BLACK CRESCENT," ETC., ETC.

### CHAPTER XIX.

#### ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR PAINÉ.

We can not faithfully describe the expression which came into Claude Paine's face, as he turned to discover who it was that plucked at his sleeve, on the corner of Baltimore and North streets.

To simply say that he was astonished would scarcely portray his condition—for that astonished, confounded face into a dark, scowling, incredulous-fronted visage, very much unlike the handsome features of a few moments before.

Derrick, too, stared in wonderment. But Paine's uneasy surprise was not yet complete.

"Perdition! woman!—what are you doing here?"

The exclamation was so sudden, hissing, penetrating, that Cassa recoiled. "The deuce!" muttered Derrick. "I thought you were in New York, by this time."

Then Paine perceived that Cassa looked worried. There was a restlessness in her eyes that betokened a mind ill at ease; and he saw, further, that she wished to speak, but hesitated.

The little scene had already drawn the gaze of numerous bystanders, who were early at their favorite loitering-place; and he motioned her to follow him, as he wheeled abruptly and started toward Fayette street.

"What in thunder do you suppose is the matter?" questioned Derrick, as he kept by the other's side.

"Matter? Confound the fates! I believe she has bad news to communicate."

"Bad news?"

"Yes."

"What makes you think so?"

"Did you not tell her to go straight through to New York?"

"I certainly did."

"And I bought tickets for that city. Then how came she here? Why did she leave the train? I feel the bad news coming!"

When Paine reached Fayette street, he crossed over to the unfinished City Hall side, where there were fewer pedestrians, and would be more of an opportunity to speak with Cassa without attracting attention.

The negroess was close behind them. When she came up, Paine demanded again: "Why are you in Baltimore? Didn't Derrick tell you to go to New York?"

"Yes," answered Cassa, "but you told me I must keep de chile, an' dat's why I's here—now."

"What do you mean?" sharply.

"When we kem to de station place, she go get up a ter drink o' water, down t'oder en' de car; an' when I looks fo' her, bress goodness! she done gone."

"Fool! why did you permit her to leave you?"

"I seed 'er runnin' along on de outside, an' I makes after 'er; but she fool me, somehow, an'—"

"And has escaped you?"

"Yes—she 'scaped."

The exciting news immediately worked upon him.

First, he cursed the negroess—then he cursed what he called his bad luck.

"Confound the nigger!" grunted Derrick.

"I's been lookin' all roun' town, de whole o' las night, an' dis mornin'—fo' de Lord I has! But she's gone fo' ever."

For several moments Paine could not utter a word. He looked down at the pavement, with staring eyes; his hands clenched, his face reddened.

He scented danger in this accident. Would not Pearl, with the money she had, repair straightway back to Washington; learn of her stepmother's departure; perhaps, by some means, follow them up—trace them to Baltimore, to St. Louis; eventually make known to Isabel what had transpired, and thus, possibly, ruin all his well-laid schemes?

He saw plainly the child must have suspected that all was not right. But, if so, what had happened to arouse such distrust? Why had she fled from the negroess? He did not stop then to answer the question.

He reasoned that Pearl would make direct for her home—if she was to be secured at all, the place to catch her was at the vacant house in Washington.

Cassa must return, then, at once. Derrick must accompany her. The two might be successful, if they acted in prompt concert.

All this passed like telegraphy through his brain—the decision was reached with the rapidity of an electric spark.

Derrick stood quietly to one side, with hands rammed into the full depth of his pockets.

"Woman! I'm afraid you've made more mischief than can be undone by your carelessness!" Paine exclaimed, suddenly. "If this child gets back to her mother—"

"Your tin pan's bustled!" inserted Derrick.

"I am utterly ruined!" finished Paine; adding, hissing: "and if she does, you will soon be as poor as you ever were. Did I not tell you you should have all the money you wanted, if you served me faithfully?"

"Yes, you told me dat," admitted Cassa, meekly, for she already felt sorry enough at prospect of losing the regular salary agreed upon.

"I knows you tole me dat. But what's I goin' to do?"

"You must go back to Washington—and, Derrick, I want you to go with her."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. Both. Go up to Mrs. Rochestine's house, and wait there, and watch. You must secure her."

"But what if she resists?" suggested Derrick, inquiringly.

"Threaten her! You can terrify her. But I would not do her any real harm, if I were you. She must be secured, at any cost; and he added, to the negroess: "If you are successful, I'll give you another hundred."

"How am I going to find you again?" Derrick asked.

"I will wait for you at the Southern Hotel, in St. Louis—a week, if necessary."

"All right—"

"Now go. Be off, without delay. Watch at the house, and you will catch her. I know she will go straight there. Don't you see how natural it would be for her to do so?"

"Yes. Come on, nig," the last to Cassa. Derrick started down North street, and the negroess followed.

They took the first train for Washington. Claude Paine drank several times at the counter of Barnard's wine-store before returning to his hotel.

He did not seek the society of Isabel. He felt that his mind was in no state to permit of calmness then; and it was not until the dinner hour came around that he had sufficiently quieted himself to venture in her presence.

They dined pleasantly together, and the meal was followed by a long *tête à tête*, teeming with passionate interchanges of sentiment and affectionate caresses.

Late in the afternoon he was pacing slowly to and fro before the office counter, a cigar between his lips, hands folded behind him, and deeply wrapt in thought.

There were several new arrivals; and, as he passed the large book that lay open on the counter, he involuntarily glanced at the hieroglyphicked page.

As he looked, he paused. Then he drew closer. A new excitement came upon him. Something had startled him—a name; and that name was—

### PERCY WOLFE.

"He here!" flashed through his mind, with a force that gave him a shock; "curse the fates! I wonder if he has tracked me?"

He strode rapidly away up the stairs to his room. From his room, he sent a message to Isabel, as follows:

"If convenient, I would like to see you. Shall I come?"

And the waiter brought back, in answer:

"Always at leisure for you, Claude."

He was shortly with her.

But she did not imagine that his object was to be sure that she did not show herself by any possible chance, to any one in the hotel—for that very one might be Percy Wolfe, his dreaded enemy.

And every minute was an hour to him, that must elapse before he could flee again from the man he feared.

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE ARREST.

PERCY WOLFE, when he returned to the city with his sister, secured rooms for himself and her at Barnum's.

He went to the Fountain Hotel, and removed his trunk; then repaired to the depot after Nellie's trunk, which she, in her haste to get to Ingleside, had left at the former place.

After they were finally seated alone in Nellie's room, their mutual joy was renewed such a joy as can only exist between brother and sister, after so many long, long years of separation.

Their hearts were full; lips could not speak fast enough the countless things they had to say. It was the picture of childhood reworked, in which they almost reassumed the sunny garb of youth, in their very smiles and tears, and foolish yet happy utterances.

At last, however, young Wolfe sobered in his transports, checked the gossip of his tongue, to ask:

"Where's father, Nellie?"

He read the answer in the downcast eyes and sorrowful face.

"Dead," she whispered, tremulously.

The air was hushed around them.

"And mother?" in a suppressed, hesitating voice.

"Dead, Percy—dead!"

A strange, hallowed calm prevailed. He drew her close to him.

"Then you have been lonely. And I so far away, that you really had no one to—"

"But where's Diamond?" she must have grown to be a beautiful, beautiful girl by this time! Tell me: where is she?"

For a second, she was struggling with some powerful emotion; then she threw her arms around his neck, and gazed up at him—her eyes dimmed with tears that were just ready to trickle from the lid.

"Percy!—she, too, is dead!"

"All dead?" he murmured, looking absently down at the carpet.

"All—al!" she breathed, tremblingly.

"But, oh! Diamond is far happier than she would have been, had she lived."

"What do you mean, Nellie?"

"She died of a broken heart!"

The words were spoken so low, that he could scarcely hear what she said.

"A broken heart, Nellie? How? Explain."

"I will. It was when she was sixteen years old. But, she was a woman then—and oh, so lovely. A perfect earthly angel, Percy, and it seemed as if she loved everybody, for she was only happy when doing something to please others—"

"Just like your own sweet self," he broke in, earnestly.

"And she was loved by every one," went on Nellie. "One man, who was visiting at our little village, became infatuated with her—worshiped her, as he said; and she, poor child, was won by his pretty speeches and handsome face. He flattered with her, and she believed him sincere. Though I heard him myself promise to return, at a day not then far off, and make her his bride. But he never came, Percy—never!"

"Go on, Nellie! And our dear little sister?—Diamond?"

"She waited long for him, sorrowing more and more, as the weary months rolled by; until—at length, she—"

Nellie covered her face with her hands and sobbed aloud.

"Tell me the rest." His own cheeks were wet with grieving tears; but he was prepared for any thing now, since he had learned that father and mother had both passed away forever from this life.

"I watched her tenderly. I did all I could. But she died, Percy—she died in my arms. I shall never forget the sweet smile in her face, when she looked up at me, and said, 'Good-by—good-by, Nellie—sister?' And the last breath called the name of the man who had dealt her this blow! Oh! Percy—and I so dearly, dearly loved her!"

She wept bitterly. She was not, at this moment, the calm, self-possessed Miss Byrne that she had been while in Mrs. Rochestine's employ, for, now the woe that she had so heroically concealed from the eyes of strangers, overwhelmed her as she drew under the sympathetic fold of a brother's arm.

"Don't weep so," he said, soothingly. "What was this villain's name?"

"Claude Paine."

"CLAUDE PAINE!" He stared in amazement; he hardly believed his ears.

"Yes."

"What!" thought the young man, "can it be, that the Claude Paine I am pursuing, is the destroyer of my sister's life? By Heaven! if 'tis so, I will rend him limb from limb!" and then aloud: "Nellie, I am hunting for a Claude Paine!"

"No?" looking at him incredulously through her tears.

"But, I tell you, I am. Can it be, that this same villain is the man I am after? In London, I had a friend named Horace Rochestine."

"Ah!" She leaned forward quickly. "This friend died—"

"Yes, yes; I know."

"You know?"

"He died of fever, did he not?—months ago?"

"How did you hear it?" in wonder.

"I was governess to their child, Pearl—if it is the same—"

"Pearl! Yes—it must be the same. Why—"

"I was governess to their child. It was my only means of living, Percy."

"You governess to Pearl Rochestine?"

"Yes. I left their house yesterday, after Pearl was sent away, as they said, to Ingleside."

"Ingleside?"

"Yes."

"But I have been there, too. Pearl is not at Ingleside!"

"I know she is not. And oh! Percy, I fear for her. Her stepmother is in love with this very Claude Paine—I know it. And he loves her."

"By heaven! Claude Payne is a scoundrel," cried Percy, as he now felt convinced by his sister's words, that Paine and Isabel Rochestine must be in league together to rob the child.

"Have you any idea where he is, Nellie? He has Horace Rochestine's will," Nellie gasped in astonishment.

"Yes. And I firmly believe that he and Mrs. Rochestine have plotted to cheat Pearl out of her inheritance."

"Oh, Percy!"

"I do—I do."

"But you can easily find this man, by going to Washington, and asking Mrs. Rochestine where he is. She knows—"

"Mrs. Rochestine is not in Washington, he exclaimed, growing more agitated.

"Not there?"

"No. I was at her house this morning, and it is closed."

"Then she has gone to California—to Sacramento."

"Ha! how do you know?" fairly trembling in excitement, and half-starting up.

"Pearl told me that her mother was on the eve of departure for that place—"

He sprang to his feet with a cry.

"Then we'll be after them to-night, and close on their heels. There's a train to-night for St. Louis. We will go on that. I've no time to lose. I must be off after tickets, and tell them at the office that I am going. There—don't detain me, Nellie, don't detain me!"

Snatching a hasty kiss, he darted from the room, in a wild state of mind, to arrange for their immediate departure.

The individual with the sachel, who was so unexpectedly collared by Neal Hardress and Kirk Brand, at the Camden Station, was rather timid by nature, and he came near sinking down in terror, as those startling words were growled in his ear:

"Halt! You are a prisoner!"

"I beg pardon, sir," apologized Hardress, while he half held up the trembling man, "we've took you for some one else."

"Yes, as—some one else—I assure—I assure I never did anything! Your apology is accepted. Certainly, that's all right—ha! ha!—it's all right," as he stammered and forced himself to laugh, his knees were cracking together, and threatening to bend under him, and when Hardress released him, and he started away, he did not run—but he walked real fast!

Brand groined.

"This is a fine go!" he exclaimed, as they left the depot. "How did you ever come to make such a blunder?"

"I can't see. I know I had the right man 'spotted.' He was on that train, and now he's slipped right through our fingers. What to be done?"

"Bless me, if I know! The only thing left is to begin over again."

"Well, we'll begin over again."

Just then they collided with a man who was hurrying toward the outgoing cars.

"Hello! Neal—Kirk!" he shouted.

"Why, Sales!" exclaimed the two detectives in a breath, and Brand asked:

"Have you trapped Estelle Berkely yet?"

"No, I haven't. I don't believe she's in this city after all. I was on the point of coming over to see you, in Washington, for a consultation."

"Well, it's the same luck all around."

"Haven't you got him yet?"

"Nary got—"

"Come over to the hotel, and let's talk there," said Hardress.

Within a short space, the three detectives were in the office of a hotel—and that hotel was the Fountain. It was blind fate.

"Might as well put up here, anyhow, for to-night, I guess, or till we can look around," suggested Hardress.

"Yes," acquiesced Brand, and the two turned to the counter, to register.

To their utter amazement and delight, the very first name they saw on the book, was that of Percy Wolfe.

"Hoory!" chuckled Brand; and "By thunder!" blurted Hardress. They were on the track again.

The hotel coach at Barnum's was waiting for its passengers.

Nellie was inside the conveyance, awaiting her brother, when a lady and gentleman got in, whom, to her astonishment, she immediately recognized as Claude Payne and Isabel Rochestine.

Here was a discovery. She drew her veil closer round her face, while her heart palpitated faster.

Presently Wolfe approached.

Just as the young man had his foot on the step, two men laid hold upon him.

"Halt there, Percy Wolfe! we want you!"

"Arrest me! For what?"

"To answer for the disappearance of Herod Dean, in the city of London—"

"There is some mistake," he began.

"Isn't your name Wolfe?"

"It is."

"Then there is no mistake. Come."

He was at first bewildered. But he soon comprehended.

"Nellie!" he cried, turning to his sister. "Hush!" she cautioned.

A scream had arisen from her lips, when she heard the words of the man who detained her brother, yet, with admirable presence of mind, she not only smothered that scream, but uttered the timely caution—for, the very parties she and her brother were in search of, sat there, in front of her, and she did not wish to arouse their suspicions as to her identity.

"Nellie!" he continued,



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## TO JOE JOT, JR.

Evidently our contributor, Joe Jot, Jr., is a public benefactor. When he produces such confessed results as are indicated below, he is entitled to a "sheepskin" Philo. D. D. B.—Ed.]

I suffer not from indigestion,  
Because my dearest friend  
Advised, I followed his suggestion;  
And read what you had penned.

Worse than with laughing-gas besotten,  
I laughed and laughed again,  
Till I had more than quite forgotten  
My ceaseless, stinging pain.

I burst my fancy paper collar,  
And dropped my dentals' out,  
And scared the parson dead—our caller—  
In one unceremonious shout.

My gray hairs turned again as blackly  
As in my youth they were;  
I acted so demagogically  
The household ran for fear.

The corrugations disappearing  
From my worn and haggard face,  
Have made my wife more persevering  
In acts of wilful grace.

Before this wondrous revolution,  
She governed with the mop;  
She censured then without compunction,  
No peace, no calm, no stop.

But now she says I'm worth the having,  
My beauty none can tell;  
She says I'm like a fine engraving,  
Since my dyspepsia fell.

So here's to you, my Joe Jot, Junior,  
Bright as the vesper star;  
Long may you live to write your humor,  
And Melancholy scare!

## Mohenesto:

OR, Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

BY HENRY M. AVERY,  
(MAJOR MAX MARTINE.)

III.—Among the "Dusky Maidens," My New Partner, A "Scrimmage" with the Blackfeet. Again taken Prisoner! Description of the Blackfoot Village. The Council of Death. Running the Gauntlet. Escape of Tansy from the Pawnee Indians. Scapels at a Discount. Ready to Roast. Saved from Death by Indian. Masonry. Interpretation for the Blackfeet. Freemasonry among the Blackfeet. A White Captive. Indian Agents.

I REMAINED a long time at Fort Assiniboine, spending my time and money among the dusky maidens who thronged the grounds, and whose only desires were to dance and wear a gay dress. But even pleasures become stale, and I grew tired of this mode of life, and while getting ready for a new start, there came into the fort an Indian, whose countenance was very familiar to me, and whom I found to be the same one who had given me a timely warning two years before, after a fight, while acting as guide for the Oregon emigrants—to which incident I may hereafter refer.

The recognition was mutual, and I induced him to accompany me on my tramp to the north. The next day we left, intending to go to the Nez Perce country, where I had heard there was an abundance of game.

The companion I had chosen was a Pawnee Loup, named Tansagawamba. I left off the last part of his name, and thereafter called him Tansy, which suited him just as well, especially when I told him that tansy-and-rum was a favorite beverage among the good old deacons of New England.

He would never more than half believe the stories I used to tell him of the strange sights and wonderful machines they had in the "States," and when I would tell him of the telegraph, or try to explain to him the mysteries of steam, he would listen very patiently, and the longest answer he ever gave was, "Wahuh, conin!"

And so, no matter whether I talked Greek and Latin or Pawnee, it made no difference to him. His ideas of science and theology were decidedly vague, but on the subject of trapping, and the habits of every animal known to him, he was "at home."

We were in the country of the Blackfeet, and were obliged to be unusually cautious. One day we came upon the trail of a small party, upon the examination of which, we found that it consisted of six Blackfoot Indians, and that the trail had been made since morning. Being in their own country, and unsuspecting of danger, they made no effort to hide their footprints.

A moment's conversation with Tansy decided our route, and taking the trail, we were after the Blackfeet, resolved to have a little "scrimmage" with them before morning. We came up with them about dusk and found them encamped by a little spring, and cooking their suppers.

Personally, I had nothing against the Blackfeet, and I resolved that I would not kill one of them except in self-defense. Rough and reckless as I had become, there was something repugnant in the idea of killing a man who had never harmed me. But I knew that Tansy would never let such an opportunity pass for securing the scalp of an enemy, and I knew also that I would not desert him even had I known that my own life would have paid the penalty for my rashness.

We lay and waited until they had gone to sleep (for they did not think it worth while to leave one of their number on guard); then Tansy loosened his belt, and seeing that his gun was all right, he started for a scalp. Stealthily as a cat about to spring upon a mouse, he crept to the side of the first sleeper, and raising his hatchet, buried it in the brain of the brave who led the party. Not waiting to see the result of his blow, he stepped over the body, and a dull thud told that another Blackfoot had gone to the "happy hunting grounds." In stepping to the third one, his foot slipped and missing his aim, he inflicted a severe wound upon the shoulder of the Indian, who started up with a yell. It was his last one, however, but had the effect of bringing the other three to their feet in an instant.

Tansy, deeming discretion the better part of valor, ran toward where I lay watching the fun. The three Indians were close upon his heels, and I saw that he would be killed if I did not interfere, and raising my rifle, I "dropped" the foremost Indian. The others stopped in their course, and not knowing how many might be concealed in the bushes, they turned and were soon out of sight. When I fired, Tansy turned, and in less time than I am writing it, was in possession of four Blackfoot scalps.

I give this, not because there is anything very remarkable or commendable in the act, but merely to illustrate the reckless daring of a particular class—the Indian

scout. I never shot an Indian for the sake of having one less in the world, for I had no revenge to gratify; and with but three exceptions, only when it was to save my own life.

But here we were in the heart of the Blackfoot country, and we knew that the sooner we got out of there the better were our chances of living; for there was one thing of which we were morally certain, and that was that the two Indians who had escaped would soon return with a large party; and that before long that part of the country would be too hot for us.

I was not very much surprised, the second day after, to find ourselves surrounded by at least fifty Blackfoot warriors. Resolved to die "game," if at all, I called Tansy to follow me, and just as I was raising my rifle to shoot an Indian who stood in my way, an arrow struck my hand, and glancing, hit me above the eye, and brought me down. At the same time Tansy received a blow which laid him senseless, and we were soon bound.

When I was able to figure up the damages, I found I had a broken finger, and the blood was still streaming from my head; but I was plucky and would not let them know how much I was suffering from the pain.

After a hurried march of two days, we arrived at the village of the Blackfeet, and met the usual insults from the squaws and children, who would come up and pinch our arms and ears, pull our hair, and tread on our toes. One old hag of a squaw came and stood in front of me, and spat in my face, which rather "riled" me, and I gave her a kick in the stomach which doubled her up like a jack-knife, and she went off howling. But I found that I had not gained very much in their estimation by resenting the insult; for though they kept at a safe distance, they commenced throwing sand in my face, and striking me with long sticks, until the chief put an end to their fun, and ordered us to the guard-house.

An old medicine-man came in and bound up my wounds with some herbs, and the pain ceasing, I was soon in a sound sleep. The medicaments of an Indian doctor are very simple, and precisely like those used



Mohenesto; or, Trap, Trigger and Tomahawk.

by Chiron and Esculapius, in olden time. The half-savage physician may be ignorant, but I have read that when Hippocrates began to mix theories with medicine, his healing powers grew less. And while some sneer at the mummery of the "medicine-dance" and manipulative pow-wows of the savage, I contend that such imposture is not a tenth as bad as the frauds of sectarian "systems," or antagonistic "schools" of *medicina medica*, as practiced in the midst of civilization.

The Indians know of certain roots and herbs that will cure almost any disease they are liable to contract; and with all their unnecessary juggling over the sick, or the "possessed," they maltreat and kill fewer than do our pretending quacks.

But Indian doctors are sadly ignorant of physiology. They only know that a particular remedy is efficacious in certain diseases or injuries. In their opinion all diseases are bilious, and they administer either the emetics or cathartics of their humble pharmacopoeia. External wounds or eruptions are speedily cured.

A "medicine-man" is supposed to possess some mysterious influence beyond the curative power of the medicine he may compound. The early French explorers used the word "medicine" for doctor, and since then "medicine" has signified any thing of a mysterious meaning. But Indian medicine-men are prophets and conjurers, who claim to perform wonderful miracles through charms and incantations. A sick Indian imagines that he is afflicted by the spirit of some animal, or, more likely, by the spirit of an enemy; and he sends a horse or a blanket for the doctor to come and turn it out. The messenger is stripped to run swiftly, retaining only his "breach-cloth," and carrying a bell. Entering the doctor's tepee, he kicks him with his foot, and rings the bell. Then there is a race back to the sick man's lodge. If the doctor overtakes the messenger and kicks him in return, he will keep his fee and stay at home until sent for again.

I had seen the time when, had I been in such circumstances, I should not have thought of sleeping; but I knew that escape was impossible, and that nothing would be done with us that day, and I needed all the strength I could get for the morrow. I was pretty certain what would be our fate, and yet, with death staring me in the face, I was enjoying as quiet a sleep as I had ever known in childhood.

Tansy was confined in a separate lodge, and I had no means of communicating with him. We were kept for several days before the council met which was to decide our fate; and, being bound and guarded, my chances for escape were looking rather slim.

In this tribe there were seven councilors, who were the rulers of the nation. There

were also two head chiefs, who sat with the council whenever it was in session. The office of first councilor is the highest in the nation, next to the head chiefs, whose authority is equal. When any matter is discussed, if the votes are equal, one of the old pipe-men is summoned before the council, and the subject under discussion is stated to him, with the substance of the arguments on both sides; after hearing which he gives his vote, which decides the question. When war is declared on any tribe it is done by the council. If any party goes out without authority of the council, they are all flogged, and their whipping is no light matter. It makes no difference what may be the rank of the offender, or how great his popularity with the tribe, there are no favors shown; the man who fails to obey orders is bound to be whipped, and if he resists or resents the punishment, he suffers death.

The council met, and as I expected, we were condemned to die at the stake. Tansy was to run the gauntlet in addition to his torture by fire; because they considered him the worst enemy, as the scalps were all in his possession. Besides this, he was a Pawnee, which fact was in itself a sufficient reason why they should kill him.

The Pawnees, in point of morals, are probably the most degraded of all the tribes west of the Missouri river, and are held in supreme contempt by all other tribes. They are quite a large nation and could undoubtedly muster fifteen thousand warriors. They are the inveterate enemies of the whites, as a rule killing them whenever they can. A treaty made with the Pawnees at night would, at the time I write, have been broken the next morning. If any of my readers should ever engage in a battle with them, let them remember that the Pawnees take no prisoners excepting women and children.

The Pawnee tribe is divided into five bands, thus:

The Grand Pawnee band; the Republican Pawnee band; the Pawnee Loups, or Wolf Pawnees; the Pawnee Pies, or Tattooed Pawnees; and Black Pawnees.

These five bands constitute the entire tribe. Each band is independent and un-

der its own chief, but for mutual defense, or in other cases of urgent necessity, they unite in one body. They occupy an immense extent of country, stretching from beyond the Platte river to south of the Arkansas.

The fact of Tansy being a Pawnee will account for the sentence passed upon him by our Blackfoot captors. We were to die the next day, and all the Indians of both sexes were on the *qui vive* for the interesting occasion.

The momentous time arrived, and my companion was led out to where the long double line of Indians stood waiting in open order, for him to make his run for life. He stood at the end of the line, waiting for the word to go, while raised in the air were thousands of clubs, ready to descend upon the back of Tansy as he ran between the lines.

The word was given, and Tansy made two or three jumps, and suddenly stopping and facing the line, struck the Indian in front of him such a blow in the face as to lay him on his back in the grass; and, leaping over him, bounded away for the hills, a mile distant. The Indians were completely taken by surprise, but it did not last long; and, with a yell of fury, they started in pursuit.

Tansy was a splendid runner; the only Indian I ever knew that I could not "out-wind," and I know that if he once reached the timber he was safe. In an hour they began to return, and one by one they came until nearly sundown; but two or three continued the pursuit, and during the night they returned.

It was now too late to do any thing with me, and I was returned to the guard-room, and an armed Indian was left to watch me. My supper was brought in, and, after eating, I filled my pipe and had a good smoke; but, when I lay down and attempted to sleep, I found I had undertaken an impossibility.

Involuntarily I commenced a retrospection of my past life, and I believe that I then remembered the name of every person and place I had ever seen; and every act of my life, however insignificant, passed before my mind like a living panorama. And so, half-sleeping, half-dreaming, and altogether miserable, the long, wretched night wore away; and, as if in mockery, the sun rose bright and clear in the morning.

I had resolved to bear the torture bravely, and not leave the world like a coward, but I was a little fearful of my ability. I had seen Indians roasted at the stake, who had clenched their teeth and died without a murmur; but then, I was not an Indian, and although I was not afraid to die, yet I did not want to be so long about it. Nor was I particularly anxious to "peg out" in such a manner. On the question of dying I always had peculiar ideas. As long as I

can remember, death has had no terrors. I was positive in my mind that the future could be no worse than the past had been, and I have always wished that when I die, it may be without a moment's warning.

Very soon they came and conducted me to the spot where a green tree had been set in the ground, and the piles of dry brush and wood lying near was satisfactory evidence that they intended to have their roast "well done."

I was stripped and bound to the stake with green withes, and, as usual on such occasions, the young warriors went through their regular exercise of throwing hatchets, some of which came alarmingly close to my ears. I was so busy with my thoughts that I paid no attention to what they were doing; not even flinching when one, more careless than the rest, would graze my cheek with an arrow, or cut a lock of hair from my head with a tomahawk.

As soon as the old chief made his appearance, the warriors stopped their exercise and awaited in silence the command of the chief to start the fire. Advancing from the circle of warriors, he stood in front of me and said:

"You are Mo-he-ne-to! Once you were a brave chief of the Sioux, and your arm struck down many of my best warriors! You stole our horses and carried away our women! Will you die like a brave, or like a squaw? Will some fair-haired woman in the land of the rising sun weep when you return no more?"

I was convinced that my case was a hopeless one, so I thought I would provoke him to kill me immediately, and I commenced to taunt him.

"Chief," said I, "you are an old fool! You know I have killed many of your best warriors, and left them to the wolves with their scalps on! The scalps of Blackfeet braves are like the skin of a skunk; not worth carrying home! No one but a squaw would scalp a Blackfoot, for they are little children!"

I observed the chief was looking intently at my breast, and upon the "mark" or figure of the Tau cross, which, years before, had been left there by the "brotherhood" of the British possessions.

Until then I had not thought of the "Manitoula," but I immediately pronounced the "word," and the chief instantly sprang to my side, and cut the thongs which bound me to the stake.

My nerves, strained to the utmost to meet the torture, gave way, and the revulsion of feeling was so great that I fainted, and had not the chief caught me in his arms I should have fallen to the ground.

Never before had I possessed such an appreciation of the beauties of Freemasonry. For the third time in my eventful career had it saved my life, and changed my most bitter enemies into the warmest and most attached friends.

The chief, Bat-te-o-moa, after a moment's consultation with the others, returned to my side, and taking me by the hand, said to the warriors: "The white chief is my brother, he must not die."

No further explanation was made, and the Indians immediately dispersed to the village; somewhat disappointed, I imagined, in being deprived of their anticipated pleasure. The chief returned my clothing, and taking my arm, led me to his own lodge, and bade me make myself at home.

He certainly knew the difference between American and Indian Freemasonry, for in conversation with him the following day, he told me that, had I given him the first "sign" in American Freemasonry, it would have been recognized, and I would have been saved much trouble.

I never could get any satisfactory explanation as to where they obtained this one of our "signs," but in their instructions to the candidate, in their ceremonies, he is told that this is the way in which he is to recognize his white brother.

Tansy must have waited near the village for me, and undoubtedly witnessed the discomfiture of the Blackfeet, for about a week afterward, a young chief returned to the village with a scalp, which I recognized by the peculiar braid as that of Tansagawamba. *Alas, my brother!* His death was untimely, but I sent the chief who killed him to be his servant in the spirit-land.

I remained some time with the Blackfeet, acting as an interpreter in their intercourse with the whites; and nothing would have better pleased the chief than to have kept me with them. I grew tired of Indian life, and longed to get away by myself, preferring the solitude of the plains to the scenes of bloodshed and carnage among the Indians. The chief presented me with two good horses, and thoroughly equipped, and with a good trapping outfit, I again started north.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 120.)

Mr. A. P. Morris' New Serial, entitled, "The Red Scorpion; or, The Beautiful Phantom," will be commenced next week. Look out for it!

## LINES.

BY ST. BLAISE.

Oh, little bird, with golden wings,  
What brings you to my mountain home,  
With voice of melody that rings  
In softened cadences 'neath Heaven's dome?  
Ah, can it be that future years  
Will remedy those ills at last,  
That love will snatch from doubts and fears  
The gloomy sequel of the past?

Ah, what has caused thy song to cease,  
And thy light heart to flutter so?  
Poor bird, thy spirit seeks release  
From its long canopy of woe;  
And here amid these mountains blue,  
Free from the haunts of vice and strife,  
My eyes do not deceive me, you  
Have come to offer up your life.

## Fannie's Scheme.

BY MARY B. COLBY.

FANNIE MAYBURY sat in her bedroom, thinking, with two open letters on her lap. It was a very pretty bedroom, too, with a light Brussels carpet on the floor, and plenty of soft-cushioned easy-chairs, while in an alcove stood a rosewood bedstead under a light-blue canopy.

And the face that leaned against the blue cushions of one of the easy-chairs, was not the least pretty ornament in the room. It was an oval face, framed with golden curls, and in it were set a pair of dark-blue eyes, a straight nose, and a month which, though childish in its general expression, had a certain look about it at times that would make you think the owner knew enough to look out for herself.

In one of the letters Milroy Montcalm had told her he loved her, and asked her to be his wife. In the other, Robert Walton had told and asked the same thing.

Way down in the bottom of her heart was a very tender feeling for Robert Walton; but then, he was poor. If she were only sure that Milroy Montcalm loved her as well as Robert, she believed she would accept him. It would be so much nicer to live in "Montcalm avenue" than to live in simple Hall street, where all the homes were alike, and no one was better than his neighbor.

Now, how to find out? This was what she was thinking of, that lonely October day, sitting in that blue-cushioned chair with gleams of sunshine lingering lovingly on her golden hair as if envying its brightness.

Suddenly she sprang up, exclaiming: "I'll do it; yes, I will; I don't care if I am found out. Nell will help me."

In a few moments her wrapper was exchanged for a walking-dress, and in a few moments more she was in "Nell's" private room talking busily.

It was the twelfth of October at last, the night on which Mrs. Stanley's private masquerade-ball was to come off. Ever since the invitations had been issued there had been a marked impatience among the invited for the night to arrive; and no wonder; Mrs. Stanley did give such nice entertainments.

In the ladies' dressing-room a party of girls in various costumes stood chatting. One blue-eyed "Morning" observed to a dark-haired "Night" that it was strange Fanny Maybury should leave town just at this precise time. "Did 'Night' know the reason of it?"

"Night," (who was Fannie's friend, Nellie Pomp), could not tell her. Perhaps "Fairy" knew.

But "Fairy" knew nothing about it, and they all agreed that it was very provoking, and a very stupid thing for her, Fannie, to do.

In the gentlemen's room, also, she was the subject "under discussion."

"I say, Montcalm," said Will Temple, "where has Miss Fannie gone? I suppose you know, as you are intimate there, I am told."

"Yes, I flatter myself I am intimate there somewhat, and I intend to be intimate there 'somewhat more so,'" answered Montcalm, giving an extra curl to his exquisitely-light mustache.

"As to where she has gone, I am not certain, as the note only said 'away from home a few days,' but I suppose she has gone to see her cousin in N—." They are rather poor people, and she might have been afraid I would run down there to see her, and it might spoil her chances with me. The little thing likes me, she does, and I wouldn't object to some of old Maybury's money. So, look out for wedding-cards, boys. 'The thing is about done.'

Just here a rather diminutive "Page" might have been noticed to stoop to the floor and look for something. Whatever it was, the search was continued during the remainder of the conversation, the "Page" not lifting his head till they went to the parlors.

"Done, is it? Well, I congratulate you and pity her," said Will Temple, the first speaker.

"Done, is it? How about that little affair, last year," said Gerald Howe, indignantly.

"Nonsense; only two or three know of it, and she never goes in Lane street," answered Montcalm.

"No; for if she did, and ever saw the 'ch—'"

A look from Montcalm silenced him. "Well, all I have to say is, if she knew him as well as some of us do, she'd jump into the river sooner than go to the altar with him," said Temple to a young man, both standing near the "Page," whose face was deadly white under its mask.

Here the conversation ended, and they descended to the elegant parlors, and the festivities of the ball commenced.

All went well till eleven o'clock, when Nell Pomp grew so faint she was obliged to return home, and the "Page" still masked, accompanied her.

Hardly was the carriage door closed than the mask was torn off, and Fanny Maybury was weeping on her friend's shoulder. "Oh, Nell!" she exclaimed when she was more composed, "what have I escaped?" And then she related the conversation in the dressing-room.

The next day a dainty little note was sent to Milroy Montcalm, the contents of which convinced him that the "little thing" did not like him as well as he thought. Fannie is now Mrs. Robert Walton, and lives in Hall street, and likes living there very much. She does not think herself any better than her neighbors, but she thinks her house is better than theirs, because of the six-months old baby-boy in it. And for all her happiness, she has to thank that masquerade ball of Mrs. Stanley's.